

# COUNTRY LIFE

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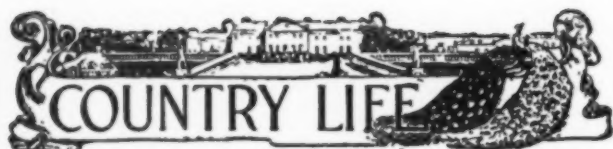
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RITA MARTIN.

THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## FOR AND AGAINST EUGENICS.

IT was a daring thing on the part of the Eugenic Society to ask a man like Mr. A. J. Balfour to address them on the occasion of their inaugural dinner. The so-called science of eugenics is at present in a crude and undeveloped condition. It has not yet attained solid standing ground, and it suffers from the fact that, as Mr. Balfour said, every faddist seizes hold of the eugenic theories to further his own particular method of bringing the Millennium upon earth. Now, to address the Eugenic Society in its own strain requires a man with a certain narrowness of vision, a concentrated narrowness it may be; but Mr. Balfour has been accustomed to take very wide views, and what he had to say could not have been altogether palatable to his hearers. His relentless common-sense reduced some of their arguments to an absurdity. Very ingenious was his remark that at present man is a wild animal. That is to say, wild for the purposes of the eugenist, who is solicitous about the next generation. The eugenist has no control over the mating of a man with a woman, and therefore he is powerless; but the whole science depends upon the

practicability of making man domestic in this sense—that is to say, governing his mating. The mere possibility of this led Mr. Balfour into a speculation as to what the results were likely to be. On the whole mankind has made very considerable progress in a natural manner. Major Darwin seemed rather doubtful of this in his opening address the next day; but the facts are too strong for him. If we apply any possible test we shall find that although, as he says, small civilisations may have withered away, progress on the whole has been continuous. For example, the torture of criminals in the time of the Greeks and Romans probably prevailed over the whole world; to-day there are comparatively few countries in which it is a recognised mode of punishment. Japan made a great step forward when she abolished it. The number of savage nations, again, has been steadily dwindling for generations, and has now come within sight of vanishing point.

Civilisation has marched over most of the territories where man was little better than the animals he hunted. In the provision of necessities of life vast progress has been made. Famine is now practically confined to one or two quarters of the globe, such as India and Persia; plague and almost every other kind of disease can now be dealt with. In consequence of this men and women are more intelligent, and are able to obtain more enjoyment of a higher kind out of life. The eugenist does not take this view, but rather concentrates his attention on the signs of decadence, the falling birth-rate, the increase of wastrel lives. It is when he thinks of these that he becomes eloquent on the question of the fit and the unfit. But, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, it is not given to any man to decide who is fit and who is not fit to perpetuate the species. In the case of domestic animals, we know that human interference, although it may raise the condition in a very considerable degree, very often is brought to an end by infecundity. We encourage the production of certain points in domestic animals, such as horses and cattle; the breeders breed to these points and, judged by the usual standards, they produce magnificent specimens of their kind; yet Nature does not seem to think these the fittest sires and dams, for she makes them in each generation less and less fertile, as if intent on punishing every departure from the normal. There is a sort of medium growth which seems to be the most suitable for existence. In the past nations have never become strong because certain men among them took counsel together and said we will build up a race scientifically. The race has improved rather because its individual members were strong. In the time of exploration the adventurer went forth as a rule for personal profit. When the gilding of romance is taken away that is the remaining truth. English industrial supremacy was not made by a national effort, but by the efforts of individuals each intent on his own profit.

But in spite of all this, the eugenists are doing a considerable amount of good work. The law of heredity to which they are attracting renewed attention is of the utmost consequence. As Major Darwin put it, Nature and Nurture are twin factors in the making of a man, and both deserve the closest attention. Nothing could have been more interesting than the comparison which was made at Monday's meeting between ancient and modern types of face. Mr. Whetham, in a paper on "The Influence of Race on History," set forth the doctrine that Western supremacy is due to the tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired portion of the population, and that the dark, short race, known as the Mediterranean race, was found in the poorer parts of the towns. It remains in its purity in Wales, the West of Ireland, the West of Scotland and in Cornwall. Mr. Whetham thinks that the dark race adapts itself more easily to town life; but he described the Northern race as loyal, determined, vigorous and persevering. All this is, of course, theoretical, although the theories may be suggestive enough. It does seem to be a fact, however, that the dark race is the dominant one in this country. Red-haired people, for instance, who used to be very common thirty or forty years ago, have now become much scarcer and have in large measure been replaced by the dark-haired. We are not at all inclined to agree with Mr. Whetham that this change is likely to make the British nation "less steadfast and persistent and more emotional."

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Ancaster, whose husband, the Earl of Ancaster, is Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain.

\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY NOTES



ONCE more August has come round, and the sportsman is turning his attention to Scotland and the general outlook for shooting this season. A very careful forecast will be found in our "Shooting" pages. It is contributed by correspondents who are thoroughly familiar with the subject they write about, and are under no temptation either to exaggerate or depreciate. Their forecast may be taken as perfectly accurate. It shows that on the whole grouse have done very well during the past season. They were, to a large extent, saved by the early nesting, and from every part of the country good accounts are to hand. Despite the fact that an uncommonly large stock of birds was left on the ground last season, the year is going to be a poor one alike for partridges and pheasants. A delightful April and May tempted the partridges into laying before there was covert enough to conceal their eggs properly, one result being that the rooks carried off more than their due share of the plunder. Then the subsequent rains came at an unfavourable time and rushed the grass, so that the chicks on many estates were drowned in it. We are afraid shooters will, in many instances, have to console themselves with reflecting on the exceptional opportunities they enjoyed last year, and in hoping that next year will bring better luck to them.

There is something as august as it is touching in the death of the Emperor of Japan. It was foreseen and expected by this strange, brilliant and fatalistic nation. We can almost see the subjects of the late Emperor coming to kneel in front of the Palace gate in sad expectation of his demise. Yet in himself there was the simplicity of greatness, and the mournful splendour of his departure only brings out by contrast the everlasting truth which is enunciated in our own burial service: "Naked came I out of my mother's womb and naked shall I return hither." But he leaves behind him an illustrious memory that must be very dear to those to whom ancestor worship is a religion. He traced his descent into that obscure and remote past when human figures first emerged and took shape and had their names and deeds recorded. He came to the throne while Japan was still a backward part of the Orient. His youth was spent in times of bodily peril; yet in his full manhood he was not only firmly established on the throne of his fathers, but saw his country assume a leading place among the Powers of the world. It humbled ancient China in the dust and overthrew a first-class European Power in a great war. It assimilated the learning and civilisation of the West, and in a few mighty steps advanced to the forefront among nations. No reign in past history has been as brilliant as that of the dead Emperor. It is inconceivable that the future will produce anything to transcend it.

With praiseworthy promptitude Lord Mersey has issued his *Titanic* Report. The findings will be accepted as of the utmost importance in all matters pertaining to the navigation of the Atlantic. The first statement in the report is of the highest importance. It is "The loss of the *Titanic* was due to collision with an iceberg, brought about by the excessive speed at which the ship was navigated." Other points are as follows: The officers are dismissed with very high praise. They "did their work very well, and without thought for themselves."

The charge against Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon of having bribed men to row away from the wreck is described as "unfounded." The *Titanic* had complied with all the requirements and regulations under the Merchant Shipping Act. On the other hand, fault is found with the arrangements for manning and launching the boats. It is put on record that there had been no proper boat drill. The discipline among passengers and crew was good, but the organisation defective. Mr. Bruce Ismay is exonerated from blame. "If he had not jumped into the boat, another life would have been lost." "The third-class passengers were not unfairly treated."

The adaptability of many vegetables to what may be regarded as unsuitable surroundings was ably demonstrated at the Royal Horticultural Society's show on Tuesday last. Visitors to the show were much interested in three exhibits of vegetables, staged together, that had been grown in the Church Army City Gardens in Stillington Street, Westminster, scarcely more than two hundred yards from the society's hall at Vincent Square. About three years ago this land was builders' waste, and the piles of stones, slates and bricks that now surround the garden plots testify to the hard work that the men have had to undertake in order to render the soil fertile. The vegetables shown on this occasion were from three distinct sets of plots, and all were highly creditable to the men and those responsible for the undertaking. In one instance some kinds, notably shorthorn carrots, red cabbages and parsnips, were better than many that are staged at good provincial shows. In addition, the number of vegetables shown occasioned much surprise, no fewer than twenty-one distinct kinds composing the best of the three exhibits. Among these were mushrooms, garden forms of kohlrabi, butter beans and artichokes, vegetables that are seldom found in the more favoured allotments in rural districts.

## THE LAST MILESTONE.

Stretching behind me  
Lies the calm landscape,  
Clear in white sunshine,  
Luminous, peaceful.  
There winds the long road,  
Fair to the vision,  
Where I crept slowly  
Through mist and darkness,  
Feeling each footstep,  
Fearing each shadow,  
Trying, though blindly,  
Still to press onward.  
By the last milestone  
Turn I in wonder—  
Clear in white sunshine  
Lies the calm landscape.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

Undoubtedly the Royal Geographical Society has taken a wise step in purchasing Lowther Lodge; it is much more conveniently situated than the present premises in Savile Row. For one thing, it is nearer the Natural History Museum, a convenience that the Fellows will greatly appreciate; in the second place, it is in itself much more commodious and suitable for the purpose of the society, or, at least, it has the possibility of being made so. The first floor will make an excellent library. The society possesses over a quarter of a million books on geographical subjects. Probably it is the finest collection of its kind in the world; but to a considerable extent it has been inaccessible owing to the poor accommodation. Then, those who knew the value of the volumes recognised an element of danger in the open fires in Savile Row. The society intends to build a hall capable of holding about a thousand people, and as there are two acres of garden, it may sell part and yet retain enough to do this.

A very remarkable theft occurred at the Royal Academy on Saturday morning. Three miniatures by Mrs. Frank Eastman were taken from a locked case, apparently very soon after the exhibition was opened. They were in their place at nine o'clock, and were portraits of the late Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., Mrs. Westley Manning and Miss Anson Farrer. One of the remarkable features of the occurrence is that it was prophesied at the time when Leonardo da Vinci's "La Gioconda" was stolen from the Louvre. Mr. John Bailey pointed out how easy it would be to steal pictures from the Academy, to which Sir F. A. Eaton, the secretary, made the rejoinder that if Mr. Bailey had made the attempt to steal, he would have very soon found out whether there was anyone looking after them. This confidence apparently was not very well founded, since it appears



that in bright daylight a thief was able to take the hinges off a case and carry off three miniatures. It is difficult to understand what his object was, unless to test the vigilance of those who had the guardianship of the pictures. These miniatures must be unsaleable and, being by a living artist, would not command any fancy price from a dealer.

Sir Lauder Brunton, in a letter to the *Times*, describes a characteristic of the late Mr. Andrew Lang on which those who wrote his obituary notice did not have much to say. Mr. Lang was one of those who do good by stealth. An instance is given of a labourer having broken his leg, and Andrew's remark was: "Ah, well, that is not any concern to me; it is a question for the parish to take up." That was his public attitude; his private act was to send the man fuel and food and other necessities. We were reminded by Sir Lauder Brunton's letter of a case which a number of literary men will remember. A young novelist—remember this was years ago, and if he had been living he would have been an elderly novelist now—was reduced to the very lowest water by bad health. He did not know very well where to turn and, in the critical state of his affairs, asked Mr. Lang to get him some work on the *Daily News*, then publishing a daily article by Andrew. Not only was the requested help given, but also a cheque for fifty pounds, with the cursory remark that if he prospered he could pay it back, and if he did not prosper he need think no more about it. Not only was the act kindly, but it was done in the kindest manner, and at the time there were few except the present writer who knew anything about it.

The British salmon-fisher has always conceived, and not very wrongly, that his ideas of Paradise might be fairly realised if he were to find himself on one of those rivers which run out northward into the southern side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Last year the fishing fell far below its usual level, and the reason was supposed to be that numbers of those "white porpoises," as they are called, though in reality they are a species of whale, which are always numerous along the northern shore of the gulf, had come southward and, ranging along the mouths of the rivers, had, as it was supposed, scared the salmon from ascending them. There was some fear that this might be the case in other years, too, and that these famous rivers might show a continued decrease in their salmon. Happily, this does not seem to have happened, if we may judge by the sport of which a correspondent writes us as enjoyed lately by the Duke of Leeds fishing on Mr. Percy Chubb's river. In fourteen days he landed sixty-nine salmon, one of them of the quite unusual weight for this river, or indeed for any other, of forty-three pounds. The average weight was just over twenty pounds.

We have noticed before, in this paper, the good work that the British Ornithological Union has done in the preservation of the kite. Aided by some of the landowners on whose property the few surviving families of these fine birds continue to breed, they have succeeded in saving their nests from the raids of the egg-collectors, and with continued vigilance their preservation ought now to be assured. We may take it as certain that but for these efforts there would not have been a kite now alive and at large in the British Islands. Another bird to which the same society has turned its attention is the chough. It would be more discreet to refrain from mentioning the few localities in which the nests of this bird may still be found, but it will be a great satisfaction to all true lovers of the bird-life of our country to learn that in some of them there is a gratifying increase in the numbers of the breeding choughs. Their race was menaced with as imminent extinction as that of the kites, and in certain respects the difficulty of defending them from the collector's intemperate zeal was even greater. It is the more credit to those who make the effort that it should prove successful.

After a lapse of thirty-six years England has recovered the Sculling Championship of the World. The race was a magnificent one. Richard Arnst, the champion, rowed a strong and plucky race. For a great part of the course the two were, in racing parlance, neck and neck. Ernest Barry, the challenger, got a little better of the start; but in a short time Arnst was in front, and for half of the course the struggle was a ding-dong one, the Englishman evidently holding his formidable opponent, but, as it appeared, unable to overtake him. Barry was, however, rowing with a grace and style that gave his supporters confidence. Despite Arnst's strength, he was made to look clumsy in comparison. The best feature of it was his pluck. Opposite Mortlake Brewery, where Barry had a long lead, he made a most determined spurt, and succeeded in reducing the interval between them by three lengths; but it was only the last effort of a man whose strength was nearly exhausted. When he found it

impossible to catch his opponent, he stopped, a hundred yards from the goal. Barry has undoubtedly improved much since he was beaten by Arnst on the Zambesi.

Our readers will hear with regret of the death of Mr. A. J. Robertson. It occurred under unusually painful circumstances. About a year ago Mr. Robertson's foot was hurt by a nail in one of his golfing boots. At first he seems to have treated the occurrence lightly, and did not give the wound the attention it deserved, with the result that it became more painful. In spite of this he kept to his work, instead of giving his limb the required rest. To make a long story short, signs of cancer were developed and the foot had to be amputated; but he had waited too long, and he died on Friday night in a nursing home. Mr. Robertson was chiefly known by his connection with the literature of golf, he having been the first to start a golfing paper. By profession he was a journalist, and began his career on the *Scotsman* about forty years ago. He came to London to represent that journal in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons; but in the course of a few years he passed on to the office of the *Times*, whose Parliamentary summary he did with conspicuous ability. At one time he was a regular contributor to *COUNTRY LIFE* on the subject of golf; but few who knew him only as an expert on that game were aware of the wide culture, extensive reading and political knowledge which made him equally acceptable as a companion and brilliant as a journalist. He was born in Fife in 1854.

#### THE MAN WHO PAYS.

The "Man who pays the piper" is the man  
To call the tune: deny that if you can!  
And all the biggest things come down his way  
Because it's his prerogative to pay.  
Now who than he can claim superior right  
To choose the *menu* to his soul's delight?  
If he takes soup and fish and entrée too,  
Why, soup and fish and entrée do for you!  
Your taste's subservient to his appetite  
And measured by his need for sleep, your night  
Your pipe's extinguished with his final puff,  
The day he needs a shave your chin feels rough!  
Hide from the man who pays your party views—  
Remember, he your politics must choose;  
And at all games be slack, for lo! therein  
A secret lies—the paying man should win.  
Indeed, the man who keeps the money till  
Can mesmerise and mould you to his will.  
By paper cheques signed with his name, he sways  
The destinies of those for whom he pays.

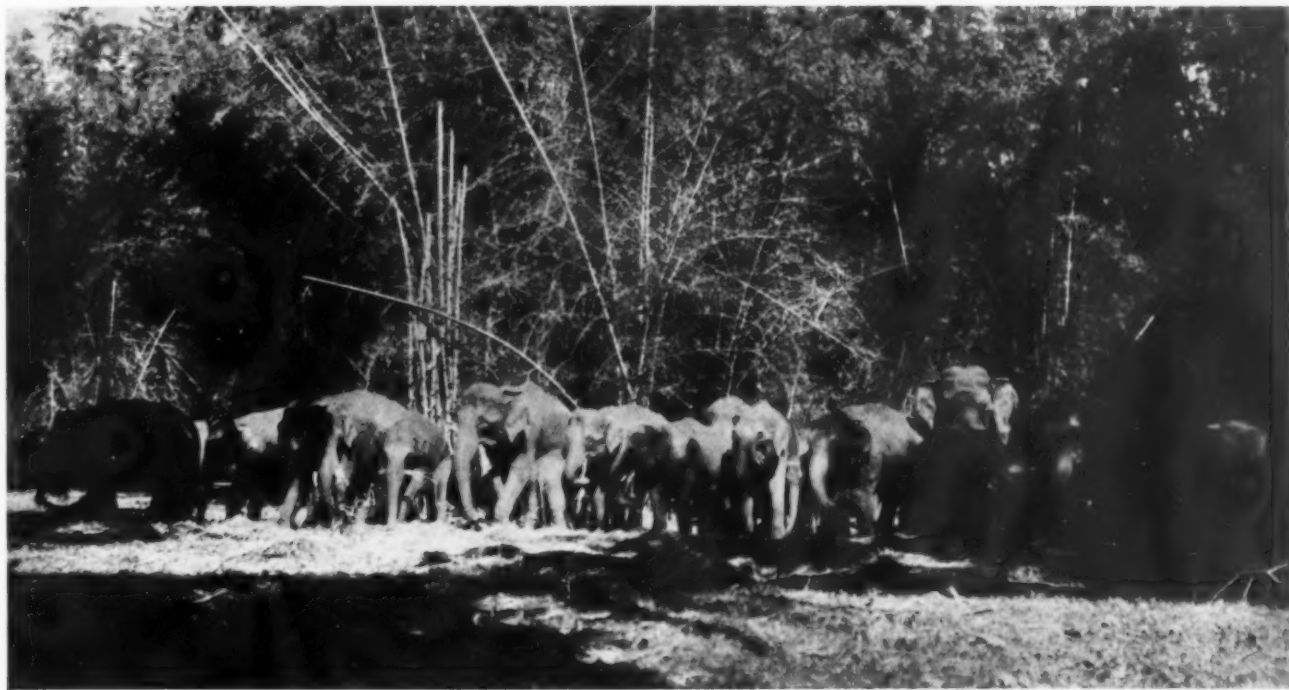
ELIZABETH KIRK.

A very frequent modern cause of complaint in country places in England is the difficulty of getting any effective, much less any artistic, thatching work done. Like many others of the simplest arts of the country-side, that of the thatcher seems to have been very generally lost as civilisation has progressed. That is not at all the case, however, in Holland, which is a land of all the arts. It is also, as everyone who visits it must appreciate, a land of many windmills; and of these windmills some are splendid examples of the best craft of the thatcher, not wasting itself in many gables and dormers or in useless adornment, but covering not the roof only, but also the whole circuit of the mill's wall, right to the ground, with a thatch done so regularly and so even that it has more the look of a sleek coat grown on some great beast than a work of man's hand. There is good thatching, too, on those circular roofs which they have set on poles, so as to be able to raise or lower them at will over the places where they store their hay, thus dispensing with a thatch for each separate rick, and always having a perfect shelter ready for the rick as soon as it is collected, and no matter what its height.

An often remarked consequence of the abnormally hot summer of 1911, followed by the mild winter, is that the bloom of many species of plants has been unusually abundant in the summer of 1912. What has been less generally noticed is that the actual colour of many of the individual blooms has been more than commonly rich and vivid. The dependence on climate of the hues of flowers of the same species is not realised as adequately as it might be. Even within the small geographical limit of the British Isles this varies greatly. Nowhere else do we see the gold of the gorse so brilliant as on the mild seacoast of the West, in the West of Ireland, Wales, Cornwall and, above all, in the Scilly Islands, and it is in the latter fortunate isles that the purple of the heather is most rich and splendid.



## AN ELEPHANT KHEDDAH IN MYSORE.



THE HERD EMERGES FROM THE JUNGLE.

THESE remarkable photographs illustrate operations in connection with the capture of a herd of wild elephants in a kheddah in the Kakanota Forests of Mysore, Southern India. This particular kheddah was organised at the command of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore in December, 1909, as a spectacle for His Excellency the Earl of Minto, then Viceroy and Governor-

General of India. The photographs were taken by Mr. Subramania Raj Urs, a connection of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore. One kheddah is necessarily very much like another in its general arrangement and method of working. Differences in matters of detail will, of course, arise. At one time everything may pass off smoothly, according to anticipation, the whole herd being successfully accounted for. At another



MAKING TRACKS FOR SAFETY.

time some of the elephants may break back through the beat, with consequent injury to some of the beaters, or a *contretemps* may occur inside the stockade when the tying up process, always a somewhat risky business, is in course of being carried out. But everything that skill and experience can suggest to prevent accidents is brought to bear, with the result that these seldom occur.

The whole subject has been most fully dealt with by Mr. G. P. Sanderson, formerly the officer in charge of the Government elephant-catching establishment in Mysore, in his delightful book "Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India." It would be impossible to improve on the description of kheddah operations given therein, and the writer must express his indebtedness to the author. No apology is, however, necessary for making use of the best existing account of a kheddah as given by a past-master at the game.

A constant supply of elephants is required in India for purposes of State, pageantry and display, transport, timber dragging, sport, etc., and as elephants are not bred in captivity the only means of meeting the demand is by getting in wild



BRUTE FORCE UNAVAILING.

elephants from the forests, capturing and taming them. Elephants for Bengal were usually obtained from the forests of Assam and Chittagong for the Government kheddah at Dacca; those for Madras from Burma, Ceylon and Siam.

The elephant appeals in a marvellous way to the imagination of the native of India, and it is greatly to be regretted that the most imposing and spectacular feature of previous ceremonies of a like nature, viz., the State entry on elephants in

procession, was omitted at the recent Durbar at Delhi. Single tusked, which have a way of roaming apart from the main herd, are sometimes hunted by men riding trained female elephants, who noose the wild elephants from the backs of the tame ones, but the only plan adopted for the capture of whole herds is that of driving them into a kheddah, by which is meant the enclosure made for the purpose of imprisoning the wild herd.

These wild herds number on an average from thirty to fifty, or even more, and if the *coup* is successfully brought off, a whole herd may be captured in a single operation. The procedure is as follows: A party of men, numbering from three



WATCHING THE SEETHING MASS.



LED CAPTIVE BY HIS FOUR WARDERS.

hundred to four hundred, together with a certain proportion of *kumkis*, or tame elephants, starts out at the favourable season—about December—for the large, heavy forests which the herds frequent. As soon as a good-sized herd is located, the party divides off on two sides, and, dropping men in pairs *en route* at intervals of fifty yards or so, gradually draws a ring right round the herd. This ring may be some six or eight miles in circumference, and contains plenty of shelter, food and water for the elephants. Once it is formed the herd can only escape through great carelessness on the part of the hunters. A thin fence of split bamboos is then run up all round, with leaf shelters for the men, whose business it is to see that the elephants do not break out. This part of the proceedings may last for about a week, during which time the men must always remain at their posts. The elephants are seldom seen during the daytime, and at night fires are lighted, and, if the elephants approach, the men keep them in by shouting and firing shots. In the meantime the construction of the kheddah is being proceeded with inside the large circle. This is made of stout uprights of timber about twelve feet in height, arranged in a circle of from twenty to fifty yards in diameter, and strongly backed by sloping supports. An entrance four yards wide is left to admit the herd, the enclosure being built on one of the main runs used by the wild elephants (which make it a practice invariably to follow certain defined tracks) and in a spot where it is concealed by thick cover. In order to bring the herd into the enclosure, guiding wings are built out for some distance, gradually narrowing in as the gate is approached. Once the elephants enter within these wings they are easily driven into the enclosure by the beaters closing in from behind. The gate of the enclosure is made very strong, and is studded with iron spikes on the inside. It is also slung by rope hinges to a cross beam, and is dropped by the rope being cut as soon as the elephants have entered. Everything being in readiness and the spectators stationed on a platform built overlooking the entrance to the stockade, the order is given for the drive to commence. The beaters close in with tremendous yells, blowing of horns and beating of tomtoms. A fire line has been prepared, which is set alight as soon as the herd have crossed over it, thus forming a barrier of fire through which there is no escape. Possibly an elephant here and there may turn and face the beaters, but any attempt to rush the line is defeated by a discharge of fireworks and guns, and, as a rule, the elephants enter the trap without

hesitation. In this manner the wild elephants are driven into the narrow neck leading to the inner stockade, which latter they enter in due course, following their leader in single file.

The gate of the kheddah is then dropped and barred, and the first stage of the capture is complete. After a short interval the tame elephants are sent into the kheddah, ridden by mahouts, with a rope tier seated behind each of them. It is somewhat remarkable that the wild elephants very seldom attack these men, although they might easily dislodge them. The duty of the tame elephants is to secure the wild elephants, which they commence doing by separating them from their companions. Two of the *kumkis* are backed into the herd and get into position one on either side of a wild elephant, while a third stations himself in front to prevent a forward movement. When the wild elephant is thus hemmed in, a couple of rope tiers descend from off the *kumkis*, and work a coil of strong rope round the wild elephant's heels, and also round his neck. The captives are then towed out to water and then picketed to tree stumps in the forest clearing until sufficiently subdued to undergo further treatment. Elephants, it may be noted, drink twice a day, just after sunrise and again shortly before sunset, and they will not bathe after sunset. They are fine, strong swimmers,



NOOSING OPERATIONS: MANŒUVERING FOR A POSITION.



and it is a grand sight to see a herd crossing a river in flood. When the captive elephants have quieted down a bit, the process of breaking in is proceeded with. Two keepers are told off to each, who keep well out of reach, one on either side, and fan the animal with long branches. The elephant is very frightened, and resents this very much at first, attempting to strike and kick the men; but, as he is well fed with sugar-cane and rice, he soon allows the men to approach him and clap him on the sides, also taking food from their hands. His legs are at first secured to prevent kicking, but he soon gives this up and submits to having a rope tied round his body, passing under the tail, by which the keepers climb on to his back. This process is, as a rule, completed within three or four days, but no attempt is made to teach him to kneel, etc., until some four or five months later.

The elephant is naturally a very timid animal, and easily frightened at any strange sight, but is generally of a good disposition, obedient, gentle and patient, and never refuses to obey an order he understands. Mr. Sanderson is of opinion, however, that the intelligence of the elephant has been very much over-rated.

It will be seen that the photographs accompanying this article depict in a most graphic manner the greater part of the series of incidents here described. We first of all see the wild herd in the typical bamboo jungle which it usually frequents; next, the movements of the wild elephants are shown when alarmed by the noise of the beat, with attempts to escape by breaking back or charging up to the line. Then we see the herd collected within the inner stockade, followed by the entry of the tame elephants into their midst, together with the tying up operations which follow. Lastly, the recently-made captives are to be seen being towed along by the tame elephants on their way to the water, followed by the tying up in the forest clearings, the prisoner being depicted straining at the ropes in frantic, but vain, efforts to escape from his bondage.



CAPTURED

## OLYMPIC YACHT-RACING

**A**LTHOUGH the meeting of yachts of different nations in friendly rivalry has of late years become a matter of common occurrence, the races in connection with the Olympic Games must be placed upon quite a different plane to the general run of such events. Most International regattas resolve themselves into competitions of design; but in the Olympic races the only factor taken into account is seamanship. No restrictions are made as to the country in which a competing vessel has been designed and built, the only stipulation being that every member of the crew is a *bonâ fide* amateur and the accredited representative of the nation whose flag the yacht flies.

The Olympic Regatta, which took place on July 20th, 21st and 22nd, was held in Swedish waters over special courses at Nynashamn, near Stockholm, the Olympic Games Committee having entrusted the arrangements to the care of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club. This club, the oldest and most important in Sweden, prepared a most attractive programme, providing a full week's sport for visiting yachtsmen. The racing yachts assembled at Nynashamn on July 19th, when the owners and crews were welcomed at a banquet. The following three days were devoted to the

Olympic matches, and on July 23rd the club arranged International races from Nynashamn to Sandhamn. To afford the visitors an opportunity for a little sight-seeing in the neighbourhood, July 24th was left blank, but racing was resumed the next day on the Kanholmsfjärden. There were further International matches on July 26th at Sandhamn, and the next day the fleet sailed to Stockholm for the presentation of the Olympic medals and a farewell banquet.

By the conditions attaching to the Olympic Games everyone engaged had to be an amateur, the definition adopted by the Royal Swedish Yacht Club being as follows: "A member of a recognised yacht club who has never carried on yacht sailing as a profession, nor during the last five years has followed other sailing as a trade, is an amateur." Both yachts and crews competing in the races were selected and entered by the national authorities of the countries they represented, such national authorities being called upon to guarantee the amateur status of their representatives. The Olympic races were confined to the 6-mètre, 8-mètre, 10-mètre and 12-mètre classes scheduled under the International rules, two matches being given for each class. Points were awarded to the placed boats on the following basis: First place, 7 points; second place, 3 points; and third place, 1 point. As in several instances the yachts of a class scored an equal number of points, they were called upon to sail off the tie on the third day of the

regatta. No nation was permitted to enter more than two yachts in any one class, and only natural born or naturalised subjects were allowed to compete. The prizes in all classes took the form of medals, specially struck for the Olympic Games, the helmsmen of the winning yachts receiving gold medals, while those awarded to each member of the crew were silver-gilt. In the case of the second yachts, the medals awarded to both helmsmen and crews were

of silver, while the helmsmen and crews of the third yachts received bronze medals. In the 12-mètre class the mate, or leading hand, was given a gold medal in lieu of the silver-gilt one. In addition, the owner of every yacht that won a prize was presented with the "commemorative plate" of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club. The 6-mètre class, in addition to the Olympic medals, had a special prize to compete for in the shape of the beautiful vase of Sèvres porcelain presented by the French President in 1908 as a perpetual challenge trophy. The number of persons allowed on board the yachts during the races was limited as follows: 12-mètre class, ten persons; 10-mètre class, eight persons; 8-mètre class, five persons; and 6-mètre class, three persons. Unfortunately, this country was not represented in the contest at Nynashamn, as the date was a rather inconvenient one for British owners. From Stockholm to the Isle of Wight is a far cry, and our yachtsmen seem to have thought the time intervening between the close of the Olympic Regatta and the opening of Cowes Week rather too short for their yachts to make the return journey and prepare for the important Solent regattas that lay before them. The complete list of entries for the Olympic contest was as follows: 12-mètre class—Erne-Signe, Sweden; Magda IX., Norway; and Heatherbell, Finland. 10-mètre class—Gallia II., Russia; Marga, Sweden; Kitty, Sweden; and Nina, Finland. 8-mètre class—Sans Atout, Sweden; K.S.S.S., 1912, Sweden; Taifun, Norway; Lucie IV., Norway; Lucky Girl, Finland; Oern, Finland; Norman, Russia; and Bylina, Russia. 6-mètre class—Kerstin, Sweden; Sass, Sweden; Sonja III., Norway; Finn II.,

Finland; MacMiche, France; Phœbe, France; Schkitz, Russia; Nurdug II., Denmark; and Nurdug, Denmark.

The matches on the opening day resulted as follows: 12-mètre class—Magda, first; Erne Signe, second; Heatherbell, third. 10-mètre class—Kitty, first; Nina, second; Gallia II., third. 8-mètre class—Taifun, first; Sans Atout, second; Oern, third. 6-mètre class—Nurdug II., first; MacMiche, second; Sass, third.

On the second day the results were as follows: 12-mètre class—Magda, first; Erne Signe, second; Heatherbell, third. 10-mètre class—Kitty, first; Gallia II., second; Nina, third.

8-mètre class—Taifun, first; Lucky Girl, second; Oern, third. 6-mètre class—MacMiche, first; Kerstin, second; Nurdug II., third.

Several of the yachts having an equal number of points, the ties were sailed off on the following day, and the final result was declared as follows: Sweden, 8 points; Norway, 6 points; Finland, 4 points; France, 3 points; Denmark, 2 points; and Russia, 1 point. The points won in the yacht-races enabled Sweden to pass America in the contest for pride of place and set her at the head of the Olympic Games. FRANCIS B. COOKE.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### CROP PROSPECTS.

FARMERS, as not unusually happens with them, are at the present moment greatly bewildered by the weather. St. Swithin this year did not turn out a true prophet. He had a cloudless feast-day, and, according to the accepted folklore, ought to have sent us six weeks of fine weather afterwards. Up to now we have scarcely had six

likely that they will thresh rather badly. Still, the rains have had the effect of greatly lengthening the straw, and this is a factor not to be lost sight of when the price of fodder and all kinds of feeding-stuffs tends to become ever higher. In this connection it is worth noting that the root crops have done exceedingly well in the showery weather. They have grown during July at a rate which we often look for in vain during the early part of autumn.



J. H. Symonds.

GOSSIPS AT THE GATE.

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days of sunshine, and yet there has not been the perpetual rain which spells ruin to agriculture. Thunder has been wandering about accompanied by local rains of great volume. These have been so extraordinary that in some instances considerable portions of the crops have been swept away or destroyed. Nevertheless, there have been fine intervals, during which it has been easily possible to pursue the tasks proper to this time of year. In the South of England the cutting of winter oats has, to a large extent, been accomplished. The wheat is colouring beautifully, and a few bright days would make it ready for the reaper. Evidently the man best able to take advantage of the situation is he who can command an army of workers and horses ready to turn out whenever there is a period of a few hours' sunshine. Not a single opportunity should be missed. It is difficult as yet to form a true estimate of the value of the crops. The cereals do not appear to have filled out nearly so well as was once promised, and it seems

This and the heavy aftermath of hay promise to yield for the coming winter a supply of keep very strikingly in contrast with the meagre quantity yielded last year.

### THE FINANCE ACT.

A correspondent who does not wish his name to be made public writes to complain that for the purposes of the Finance Act very misleading statistics are being officially collected. "The other day," he says, "a young man of twenty-four or twenty-five called to take down particulars about the country cottage that I rent, for the purpose, he explained, of getting at the position of the owner. He was perfectly civil, but appeared to have very little knowledge of country things, and explained that his principal business was to measure the walls of the buildings and cube them. Now this house is furnished with two sets of stables. There is one actually built on to the house. A previous tenant thought the contiguity did not make for hygiene, and had two other stables



and a coach-house built at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, with a carriage drive, a piece of shrubbery and a private road between them and the house. The official refused to regard them otherwise than as two sets of stables, and cubed them up accordingly; but the result must be misleading. One set could only be used in defiance of the local authorities. It is practically useless except for holding lumber. This is but one instance of the way in which a statement of so-called facts would be misleading. It would take too long to show that the measuring of the surrounding land was equally misleading."

#### IMPORTS OF MILK AND CREAM.

It is rather interesting to peruse the official returns of the imports of milk and cream during the month of June, 1912. Since the issue of the Board of Agriculture Orders prohibiting the use of preservatives in milk, the imports of fresh milk have dwindled down to nil. In cream there were imported 761cwt. as compared with 990cwt. last year. But there has been a sudden increase in preserved milk, this amounting to 1,099cwt. this year as compared with 157cwt. last year. It would be very interesting to know what constitutes preserved milk; is it milk with antiseptics, sterilised milk, or milk powder? Surely some information should be forthcoming on these points from official sources. It has been said that the use of condensed milk is greatly on the increase in this country; perhaps, however, the shops have become overstocked, as, for the first time for many months, a diminution of imports as compared with the corresponding month of last year is recorded, the total being 81,397cwt. as compared with 84,719cwt. Milk and cream of all kinds showed a decline, the total for June being 83,257cwt. as compared with 85,870cwt. Perhaps the cheapness of home supplies may account for this. In some parts of Somerset farmers are only receiving 5½d. per imperial gallon for their milk. At this price there should certainly be no justifiable complaint that pure, fresh milk cannot be obtained at reasonable rates. E. W.

### A JUNE DAY ON A SMALL SASKATCHEWAN FARM.

**F**IVE o'clock, and my faithful alarm clock rouses me from my dreams. The sun is already high in the heavens as I go to the window and look out. There is every promise of a lovely summer day, and where

is there more perfect weather than we have in Saskatchewan in early June? I hurry down to the kitchen, put on the kettle and light the fire already laid the night before. Charlie, my hired man, joins me, and, armed with my shining milk pails, together we sally out, filling our lungs with the fresh morning air. At the stables we are greeted by a chorus of low whinnies from the hungry horses, and I soon have their mangers full and am busy with comb and dandy brush. Charlie

is whistling shrilly while he pumps the drinking-troughs full, and after liberating the horses I measure to each one his ration of oats. Having retied them, we turn to the pasture bars, where the three cows, with full udders, have been impatiently lowing. Letting them into the corral, I settle down to my milking, and soon have my pails full of frothing milk. Meanwhile, Charlie feeds the pigs and chickens, cleans the stable and, having harnessed the horses, we are at last ready to adjourn to the house for a wash and breakfast. My good wife has the porridge and bacon ready and, surrounded by our olive branches, we discuss our plans for the day. The children will shortly be

off to school, about three miles away, making the journey in the buckboard drawn by a sober old pony. Charlie and I are for the furrows, and my wife, heaven knows, has her hands full in her department. The horses having had ample time for feeding, sharp at 6.45 o'clock Charlie brings out Mollie, Bess, Duke and Ben for their five hours' ploughing. Lighting my pipe, I take Jess and Fannie and set out contentedly for the field.

This piece of land has given me two consecutive fine crops, and it is now time to not only give the weeds their quietus, but to take steps to store up moisture for future crops. We have a comparatively light rainfall, so that this "summer fallowing" is one of the most necessary and important farm operations. Having finished all seeding on May 24th, it is necessary for me to hasten this spring ploughing of the summer fallowing, so as to have the land ready to receive the June and July rains. The land was disced in the previous October, and I am to follow Charlie's plough with my "packer," and again with the harrow, which leaves a nice soil mulch on top. This will favour rapid and continuous germination of weed seeds, besides making a fine tilth to receive and conserve the rains. Charlie is ploughing about six inches deep, turning a full sixteen-inch furrow, and as I sit on my packer I resolve to give the land as many strokes of the harrow as will keep it black until the late fall. Already I am figuring on my twenty-five or thirty bushels to the acre next year.

Half a mile out and half a mile home again, the Clydesdale mares and Percheron geldings steadily turn over a curling ribbon of loam. It is pleasant to rest at the end of the furrow and glance round while lighting one's pipe. I hear the ducks quacking in the near by lake, and note a coyote sneaking along the hillside. He pauses with erect ears and fore paw raised as he hears the wild whistle of some curlews, busy on the new turned land, then slinks behind a clump of willows at my shout. How pleasant and peaceful it all is. There is scarcely a breath of wind. The fringe of poplars round the lake is faithfully reflected twig by twig and leaf by leaf in the placid water. But eighteen trips across the field make a day's work, so that there is not much time to revel in the peaceful scenery if we are to finish by evening. So with a cheerful chirrup to my horses we are off to accomplish another round before dinner.

At the house I find a neighbour has brought us out our mail from town. This is always welcome, and townspeople accustomed to their evening papers will scarcely appreciate

my satisfaction as I open my weekly journal. However, 1.15 p.m. finds us "hitching up" our teams again, with a sigh of pity for the unfortunates compelled to remain in cities this lovely summer weather, and wondering what they would give to exchange their stifling crowded conditions for my open-air healthy and care-free existence.

Six o'clock finds us back at the barn, tired but happily conscious of another good day's work done. After supper Charlie and I

tackle the evening "chores," milking, watering and feeding the animals, preparing and repairing machinery for the next day's work, and so forth, until as dusk is drawing in I adjourn to the verandah for a quiet chat and pipe. At 9.30 o'clock I take my stable lantern and depart on the last task of the day—to give the horses some more hay. Many omit this, but I find there is not much hay left in the morning, and it is certainly a long time between the evening ration and next morning. Then I have only to make my kindling and lay my fire for the morning, give a last look round to see that all is well, and so—to bed.

W. E. H. STOKES.



THREE GOOD CANADIANS.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE PUMP GUN.

BY  
BERTRAM SMITH.



THAT my cousin Archie had arrived at an awkward crisis in his love affairs is a fact that has no direct bearing upon my present story, except in so far

as it helps to account for the aggressive and irritable frame of mind to which he was reduced. For if he had not taken upon himself to chastise Toorie, the train of events with which I have to deal would never have been set a-going. Toorie is the keeper's son; he is about twelve years of age, and he is best described by saying that he has already acquired all the varied qualifications of a first-class poacher, though I do not wish for a moment to imply that he ever uses them illegally. And Toorie—according to Archie's account—had deliberately bagged a brace of grouse with Archie's gun while he was carrying it for him. Upon which Archie had kicked him vigorously. This was, however, not the only patent symptom of Archie's inward exasperation. From the first he "took a down," as he confessed, on the Baron.

"It's a pretty rotten show, this," he announced when discussing with me the Baron's imminent arrival. "The Governor has simply got himself let in for it. It was the old blighter's wife he wanted. She's a sort of distant relation of ours. And now she can't come, and he means to come himself; and I suppose he means to shoot."

"I understand," said I, mildly, "that the Baron is a man of considerable distinction in his own country. I have been told that he shoots wild boars from a sort of raised platform in a wood along with Grand Dukes."

"Well, we don't want him here," said Archie, sulkily. "He's probably unsafe. He's sure to be in the way. He'll always expect the best butt. I don't believe grouse-driving is a game for foreigners."

With which atrocious and inhospitable sentiment he departed. For myself, I rather liked the Baron from the first. He turned out to be an exceedingly plump little man, pink and cheerful, and full of child-like enthusiasm for the chase. He had never before had an opportunity of shooting driven grouse, but he assured my uncle that he had always respected, nay, revered, this form of sport, so much so that he considered it no exaggeration to say that he looked forward to the morrow as the proudest day of his life. He would talk of nothing else at dinner, and after the ladies had left us he reached the climax of his discourse when he took us all into his confidence on the question of his new gun. He had discovered, he affirmed, after long meditation, the gun best adapted to the special circumstances of grouse-driving. He had imported it from America.

"You zee," he explained, "grouse gom not von or doo at a dime, but in vlocks and 'erds. Don't zay?"

"Yes," I murmured. "Coveys and packs."

"Vell. Von most be prepare to shoot kvick?"

"Certainly, Baron," said Sir John Langham—my uncle—"they don't give you much time."

The Baron sat well back in his chair, toying with his glass, in evident pride. "My gon," he announced, "will shoot six time vithout to stop and load."

"What is it called?"

"It is called a pomp gon. I put in six cartridges and I go bom—bom—bom—bom—bom—bom!" He concluded on a rising scale, beaming with satisfaction. I thought a certain shade of vexation appeared upon my uncle's face.

"It is goot blan, eh?"

"Excellent plan, Baron."

The Baron had risen from his seat in his enthusiasm, and now threw himself into a posture of attack, keenly envisaging imaginary grouse approaching from the corner of the ceiling.

"Do you zee?" he demanded. "A big back goms. And I take him—von, doo, ven he gom—dree, vour, ven he pass by—vive, six, ven he go away!"

He resumed his seat, smiling contentedly, and all unconscious of the sensation he had produced. Then he remembered something.

"I am desolated," he said, turning to Sir John, "but I most convess I haf no cartridge! I had vorgot."

"We can easily fix you up there," said Sir John. "What bore do you use?"

"Zixteen."

"That's right, then. I'll tell the keeper to fill your bag."

I was not at all surprised at the comments of my uncle upon the Baron's warlike preparations. He is an expert in grouse-driving, and every detail of its organisation is dear to him. "I suppose we can't help it, Alan," he said to me, "but I regard it as wholesale slaughter. The beggar'll simply deplete the moor, if he's anything of a shot."

But I was not at all prepared for Archie's righteous indignation. I should rather have expected him to welcome the comedy of the pump gun. But he favoured me with a violent denunciation upon the hapless Baron in the smokeroom when the rest of the household had gone to bed. I tried to remonstrate with him, but he hotly maintained that it was the thin edge of the wedge. Grouse-driving was not to be reduced to a game of skittles. That was the worst of allowing foreigners—

"And he's certain to pot grey hens," Archie went on, piling up the indictment.

"Well, I don't see what is to be done," said I. "After all, he's only staying a couple of days. He'll have to be pretty dead to deplete the moor in that time."

"If the Governor had only had the sense to say we didn't use sixteen-bore, it would have been all right," Archie went on. "We could have lent him a reasonable Christian gun, and he would never have known. But, as it is, I don't see what we can do." Archie gazed reflectively into the fire.

"I'm going to bed," said I, rising.

"Stop a bit. There's one thing we can do. By Gad, that's the tip! We'll doctor his cartridges. We'll fill him up with blank!"

"Well, you can do what you like," said I, "and I don't suppose I shall give you away. But I won't have any hand in it. I don't see why he shouldn't use his pump gun if he likes."

"I've got a hundred blank in the gunroom. I thought we might want 'em some time." Archie was full of his unholy scheme. "And I'll get up before breakfast to-morrow and fix up the cartridge-bags. Rippling!"

I went off to bed, cogitating deeply. "I wish that girl would make up her mind one way or the other," I said to myself. "Archie's not fit to live with just now."

While I was shaving the following morning—my window overlooks the gunroom—I observed the stealthy Archie at work. But I also thought I saw a movement in the bushes by the gunroom window and a brief vision of a shaggy head of hair—and I wondered. It would be too much to say that I arrived at any explanation of this phenomenon, but at least I had sufficient inkling of coming possibilities to look forward with a lively interest to the day's shoot.

The pump gun proved to be a fearsome-looking engine of extraordinary weight, and a lusty beater was told off to carry it to the first line of butts. The Baron was in the most jubilant mood, and strode on ahead of the party in his eagerness to reach the scene of action. By an unworthy manipulation of the lots on my part, Archie was drawn between his father and the Baron. For I was anxious that nothing should now prevent the proper development of the plot, and I looked with some apprehension at the lowering mist which I feared must bring rain before the day was over.

Toorie had established himself, as is his custom, in my butt, which happened to be on rising ground at the end of the line. He sat crouched at my feet, peering eagerly through the opening at the guns below. Whatever I was able to gather of the events of the drive I owed to him, as his eyesight, trained by long practice in the marking of birds, is extraordinarily keen. Few grouse came my way, and I was the better able to attend to his running comments.

"Dod, but it's a terrible quick shooter that gun o' the Barrn's. Surely he'll kill a burrd oot o' this pack. No! It's a peety, and him wi' sic a grand gun. Sir John's daein' fine; that was a awfu' high yin!—but it's a queer thing Mr. Erchie hesna' killt a single burrd. It's no a verra guid licht the day, maybe—peety me! The Barrn's fired six shots at the one burrd and never touched a feather. Dod, that bates the world!" And so on.

When I descended the hill at the close of the drive, with my own modest contribution of a brace and a-half, I found that the division of the bag was curious in the extreme. Colonel Wentworth, who had been in the butt next mine, had a brace or two and my uncle had seven brace, but by far the larger part of the birds had passed over Archie and the Baron, and neither of these two had a single grouse down. The light rain that was beginning to fall possibly helped to try the tempers of the group. Anyhow, my uncle, who hates to see his birds missed, was scowling at Archie and with difficulty retaining a courteous attitude towards his guest. And Archie was in a fearful state of rage and exasperation.

"I can't shoot for nuts, Alan," he growled. "I missed a dozen absolute sitters. I must have an eye like a poached egg."

Only the Baron—and I, who knew the plot that had been set on foot against him, loved him for it—maintained a child-like and cheery optimism. He made no attempt to explain his failure.

"Zay vly kvick, zese liddle birds," he said, laughing merrily, "bot I vill do better nex' dime."

I think it was something of a relief to us all when the mist came down after the second drive and effectually put a stop to the proceedings. For Archie had continued to blaze away without a shadow of success, and his father had been unable to refrain from pointed and sarcastic comment. The Baron, however, was happy. Just as the drive was ending he had brought down an old blackcock at the fifth report of the pump gun, and to his infinite delight. A full cartridge must have found its way among the blank, Archie supposed.

"And it just shows," he went on—we were walking home by this time—"that I was right to change the cartridges. He's a deadly shot, I tell you, and he's been blazing away at grey hens and sitting hares and plovers and all sorts of stuff. I saw him try an old cock pheasant that blundered over the butts—in August, man! I could see the Governor nearly had a fit. I know I've made a prize ass of myself to-day, and I'll never hear the end of it; but at least it is some satisfaction to have saved the moor from that beastly gatling gun."

"Archie," said I, sadly, "have you no sort of human compassion? There's the Baron, instead of being disgusted with his rotten shooting, which was no fault of his, as pleased as possible with his blackcock. He's going to have him stuffed and take him back to Austria. I tell you he's the best little sportsman in the crowd."

Archie had returned to his own grievances. "Can't make out what was wrong with me," he muttered.

"Give me one of your cartridges," said I, "if you have one in your pocket."

He handed it over, and I cut it open and displayed the contents in the palm of my hand. It contained no shot.

"That's what was wrong with you," I remarked.

"What!" cried Archie, in high excitement. "Do you mean to tell me someone has been putting blank in my bag, too?"

"That's it," said I. "I know it is annoying. But think of the Baron, my dear chap. Using six to your two, too!"

Not much more was said on the way home, but by common consent we lay in wait for Toorie at the lodge. From our ambush behind the hedge we overheard the Baron discoursing to my uncle as they went by.

"It is vine sport. I have enjoyed him tremendous. Never have I more enjoyed a hunt. But I vill gif up zat gun. He is too 'eavy for me. I gan bang him off, but I gannot get him straight. To-morrow you vill lend me one?"

Then Toorie came. It was difficult to get the truth out of him as long as Archie held him by the scruff of the neck. But when I had rescued him from this precarious position, he confessed to having put the blank cartridges in Archie's bag.

"But where did you get them from? I only had a hundred."

"I took them oot o' the Barrn's bag."

"But he was shooting blank."

"No sic thing," said Toorie, as he made good his retreat. "Maybe he didna dae verra weel wi' that queer gun o' his, but he had every opportunity. It's a puzzle tae me he didna' come better off, for he was usin' Sir John's new cartridges wi' the number five shot!"

## MOUNTAIN SHEEP OF THE SONORA DESERT

**N**O big-game-hunter will deny, I think, the difficulties that attend the shooting of mountain sheep. To the so-called sportsman who gauges his success by the number of heads secured, irrespective of their value, it cannot, of course, appeal; but to the hunter-naturalist, who can enjoy and appreciate the wild and imposing

country in which his quarry lives, and finds his greatest pleasure in pitting his own skill and cunning against those of a worthy foe, this form of shooting yields a most exciting, if arduous, sport. But to-day the number of mountain sheep is fast diminishing, and it is exceedingly difficult in America to find and obtain a good, or even moderate, head without an extraordinary amount



I. N. Dracopoli.

SANTA CRUZ VALLEY WITH TUCSON MUTO IN THE DISTANCE.

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of travelling and hunting — even then success is not assured—while the short open season for sheep presents an added obstacle. Nor is such a trip by any means inexpensive, for American guides have a way of charging for their services which is altogether out of proportion to their value.

Mountain sheep, however, can be found in the very North-West of Mexico, around the head of the Gulf of California, in Lower California, and rarely in Chihuahua. Further south they cannot go, for the torrid heat and waterless desert of the Tierra Caliente (hot country) prevent their further progress. Therefore this region forms the vanishing point of the genus *Ovis* in America, and the study of these sheep is all the more interesting on that account.

Of the mountain sheep found in Mexico there are four species or subspecies: The *Ovis mexicanus*, whose type locality is the Lake Santa Maria district in Chihuahua; the *Ovis canadensis gaillardi* of the Pinacate Mountains in Sonora; and the *Ovis nelsoni* and *Ovis cervina cremnobates* of Lower California. The first-named of these is now almost extinct, for they used to inhabit a country which was plentifully supplied with water and easily accessible, and they were soon almost exterminated by so-called "sportsmen." They are distinguished by the large size of their ears and molar teeth, while their forehead is noticeably less concave than that of the typical *Ovis canadensis*. These sheep have been rightly, I think, described as a new species; but the other three are only subspecies or local varieties of the true *Ovis canadensis typicus*. It would be tedious, therefore, to go fully into the minute peculiarities that differentiate them from the well-known Rocky Mountain sheep, as they are of interest only to the zoologist, and not to the big-game-hunter. There is one point, however, that makes the *Ovis canadensis gaillardi* a particularly fine trophy, and that is the remarkable bulk of the horns, which are much bigger and more massive in comparison with the bodily size of the animal than those of the sheep in Wyoming and the North.

At present in the Pinacate Mountains and in the Sierra del Pozo in Sonora there is a large number of them, and they are not very wild or shy, as they have not been much molested by the Indians and not at all by the white man, for the country is unknown, and has a bad name owing to its extreme aridity and lack of water. It was in this region that my brother and I obtained some excellent heads, some of which are shown in the accompanying photographs.

In the daytime and during the hot weather the sheep are always found high up in the mountains. They come down to



I. N. Dracopoli. CAMPING BY THE SONOITA RIVER IN MEXICO.

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feed during the night, but invariably return to the rocky ledges and precipitous cliffs, which are their favourite haunts, soon after dawn. Here they bed down in the niches of the lava or under some overhanging boulder for the rest of the day; and so well does their colouring harmonise with their surroundings that not even the trained eyesight of the Indian can detect them. The hunter must, therefore, be early in the field. He should, if possible, camp high up the mountains in the sheep country, for this will give him the best chance of success.

When these animals are moving about they are not difficult to see, for their white rump patch is most conspicuous and can be detected at a great distance. The secret of success is not to be in a hurry. Like nearly all other animals, they have always a sentinel on the look-out when they are feeding, generally a ewe, and the hunter's chief aim should be to spot this animal and avoid being seen by it. He should then take a careful note of the country, and by proceeding slowly and cautiously, and by keeping in the shadows if possible, he should be able to approach them easily enough and select the best head. There is another point that should be remembered, and that is that the sheep when frightened nearly always try to escape down the mountain-side, so that they should be approached, whenever the wind allows of it, from below.

Owing to the scarcity of all other food, the ruminants of this country have to depend almost entirely on the cacti and the young shoots and green bark of the mesquite and paloverde trees for sustenance. They are also very partial to the ocotillo (*Fouquiera splendens*), and when the latter begin to flower

late in April, the sheep come down from the mountains to the edge of the plains and feed almost entirely on them. This diet seems to agree with them excellently, for they are always in the best of condition at this time of year. I do not know of any animals, either in Africa or America, whose meat is so delicious to eat, and it is far nicer than that of the pronghorn antelope, which is much prized by the Mexicans.

The dryness of the climate in the Sonora Desert is largely responsible for the way some of the horns are split at the end, which often spoils an otherwise perfect head and reduces its length by two to four inches. It has the same effect on one's finger-nails, which become very brittle and split or break at the slightest provocation. The horns of the old rams are especially dry, and are often



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THE TROPHIES OF TWO DAYS' SHOOTING.

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## MOUNTAIN SHEEP SHOT IN THE PINACATE MOUNTAINS.

much worn and scarred on their upper surface, as can be seen in the photograph of the biggest ram we shot; but this is due to the blows they receive when fighting among themselves head to head.

Mountain sheep are not the only trophy that can be secured in this interesting country, for its fauna is almost as remarkable as its flora, and many species are confined to this locality and are not found elsewhere. Among game animals are the puma (*Felis concolor*) and a little-known species of jaguar—the "tigre" of the Mexicans—the bay lynx (*L. ruffa*), a local variety of the Texas collared peccary (*D. angulatus sonoriensis*), the black and the white tailed deer and the pronghorn antelope.

One of the principal charms of hunting in this country is the variety of scenery met with. For the deer are found in abundance in the Santa Catalina Mountains, among the pines and silver birches of the beautiful Cañada del Oro. There is

Tortolitta Mountains, and it was only when I had almost given up hope that I came across a small band and I was able to shoot a fine old boar. Day by day I rode up into the mountains, scanning every ridge

plenty of water here, and trout in all the mountain streams. Brightly - coloured birds flit in and out among the trees, and, when no deer is killed, partridges, ducks, or occasionally a wild turkey can be shot for the evening meal.

In the foot-hills lynx, puma and the black-tailed deer can generally be found, but here the scene is quite different and the vegetation becomes more characteristic. Hunting is difficult, as there is but little cover and days pass often without a chance for a shot; but perhaps the hardest animal to bag is the peccary. I remember very well a three weeks' trip I once took in the



## MUCH HORN AND LITTLE HEAD.

and "arroyo" for the sight of game. It was terribly hard work, as the thermometer often showed 110 deg. in the shade, and the dust rose up continuously from the horses' feet in clouds, which the hot desert wind was unable to disperse. When the shadows had lengthened, but before the cool breezes that herald the approach of night had sprung up, I would make my way to camp. Sometimes this would be on the brink of some desolate little pool, hidden away in the treeless lava beds. Here, while supper was cooking, I would watch the doves come in to drink, or gaze in fascination at an occasional troop of humming-birds that turned and wheeled, poised and fluttered over its unruffled surface—a dance of living jewels. Sometimes it would be far out on the "llano," or open plains, where all the water I had would be what I brought with me. At other times I would camp in some dry "arroyo," under the shadow of a great cotton-wood, whose glossy leaves rustled and whispered unceasingly in the breeze. Such a camp was always sought after, for there was generally an abundance of wood and water, and often good feed for my tired horse. If I had killed during the day, supper was soon ready; if not, I could nearly always shoot a few doves or quail as evening fell and they came in to drink. As darkness crept down and blotted out the calm and peaceful scene, I would draw near the camp fire and eat my dinner, while the leaping flames lit up the trunks of the cotton-wood trees and gleamed on the pools of water in the half-dry river-bed. A cigarette or two, and then I would wrap myself in my blankets and lie looking up at the brilliant stars until I fell asleep.



I. N. Dracopoli.

## A CALIFORNIAN JACK RABBIT.

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But success came at last one evening as I was returning tired and hungry to camp. I came across six peccaries together just beginning to feed. They immediately dashed away on seeing me, except an old boar who stood his ground long enough to give me the chance I wanted. I fired, and the poor brute made one convulsive jump forward and then fell to prove no more. He was a magnificent specimen of a little-known local variety, and he is now in the British Museum, South Kensington. Peccaries have one peculiarity that may not be generally known—they possess no tail, and they have a large scent gland or "musk bag" some three inches in diameter about a foot from where the tail should be, between the skin and the flesh, above the backbone. The functions of these glands are at present imperfectly understood, but it is very



I. N. Dracopoli.

THE MEXICAN REYNARD.

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likely that they are sexual in action, and serve the double purpose of leading the sexes to one another and of enabling a straying member to find the whereabouts of the rest of the herd.

It would be impossible in a short article to describe in detail the various animals that live in the Sonora Desert, or to mention the best hunting-grounds. It is undoubtedly the finest game country in the

South-West to-day, as it has been untouched, and therefore unspoiled, by the ordinary traveller. But although big game is plentiful, good trophies are not secured without hard work and much patience. The heat is intense and water is very scarce—in parts absolutely non-existent, so that no one should contemplate a hunting trip to the Sonora Desert unless he is prepared to face discomfort and probably actual hardship.

I. N. DRACOPOLI.

## WILDFOWL FOR SHOOTING.

**H**AND-REARING wild ducks for shooting is now nearly as common as rearing pheasants, but often the result is far from satisfactory. How often does one meet a friend who makes some such remark as the following: "So-and-so asked me down to shoot his ducks the other day, but one might as well have shot tame ducks; at first they wouldn't get up at all, and when they did they flew about three feet high!" Now this sort of shooting is very poor fun to anyone who has spent the winter months wildfowling on the West Coast of Scotland, or in the Hebrides, or in parts of Ireland, where one has to work very hard for one's sport, sometimes, I admit, with very little result. But when one does get the right day, with wind and tide in one's favour, there is no form of British shooting to equal it to my mind, and in comparison shooting hand-reared ducks is a very indifferent form of sport. For even when they do fly high and well and afford none too easy shots, there is always a certain "tameness" about it, for one feels that after an hour's peace, or, at any rate, next morning, the ducks which have escaped the guns will all be back in their pond a-coming to be fed at the sound of a trumpet! Of course, in some places wild duck-rearing has been practised until it has reached absolute perfection; but, as I said before, it is often anything but perfection from a sportsman's point of view. Of course, one cannot get the wild scenery, etc., that goes so far to make wildfowling in Scotland so enjoyable; but I do think that much could be done to improve the actual flying of hand-reared ducks. For what the Mongolian or Prince of Wales' pheasants have done for covert-shooting, I believe the pintail would do for duck-shootings.

Hand-reared wild ducks show a great tendency to become heavy and unwilling to fly, partly because keepers over-feed them when young, and partly because their parents have been kept in confinement for generations and have become larger and heavier than pure wild ducks. It is generally easy enough, even in December or January, to tell a corn-fed, hand-reared mallard from a pure wild bird—the former are nearly always grosser and heavier than the latter, and, moreover, in my experience, they never acquire the absolutely blood red feet and legs which one finds in the wild birds; whether this colour is caused by the wild mallards' periodical visits to salt water or not, I do not know.

I believe that if people who go in for hand-rearing wild ducks would kill off all their mallards and use only pintail drakes to cross with their wild ducks, much better results would follow, for the pintail is admitted to be one of the fastest flying of surface-feeding ducks and quite the most wary, besides

being the most graceful, and is also excellent for the table. The hybrid progeny are fertile either with original parents or *inter se*; they are very beautiful birds, and do not tend to become gross like hand-reared wild ducks, and are much hardier and easier to rear.

I know the "crab," namely, that one does not get as many fertile eggs from this cross as one would by using mallards; this is true of the first clutch of eggs, because high feeding and coddling in confinement has caused hand-reared ducks to nest in February, and even as early as January, whereas pintail drakes are not ready to mate before the end of March; but I submit that a very small percentage of ducklings hatched in March reach maturity; a day or two of biting east winds with sleet, and frost at night, will quickly thin out the broods of early-hatched ducks. The first week in May is quite soon enough for ducklings to hatch, and eggs laid by wild ducks crossed with pintail drakes will be 85 per cent. fertile by then.

In suitable places a strain of breeding pintails might be raised, as has been done at Netherby, by killing off all the first cross drakes and mating the ducks with pintail drakes again; the resulting females are again mated with pintail drakes and so on until one has eliminated the mallard blood and obtained a breed that is to all intents and purposes pure pintail. This would only interest specialists in duck-breeding, but I am quite sure that any sportsman would find his duck-shootings greatly improved by the introduction of pintail drakes, even if he subsequently only used the hybrid drakes as male parents, provided that he did not allow the pintail blood to die out entirely.

I am glad to say that many people are now making efforts to introduce various ducks to England. It is generally allowed that the gadwall, now so common in this county (Norfolk), have originated from a few pinioned pairs which Lord Walsingham turned down, and the winter visitors which these pinioned birds induced to stay through the spring and breed here. At Netherby there are now large numbers of full-winged pintail, wigeon, teal, gadwall, etc., nesting, and, better than all, a great many full-winged mandarins; these lovely birds are also becoming acclimatised at Edenbridge, Kent. Mr. Meade Waldo writes me that he has over thirty broods from full-winged parents this year. He has also liberated several pairs of full-winged Japanese or Baikal teal, in the hope that they will stay and nest there. Mr. Bell, the duck-keeper at Netherby, tells me that a pair of these birds arrived there this spring, and have a fine brood, though he did not know where they came from; but it seems to me likely that they came from Hexham, for Mr. M. Portal had two or three full-winged pairs there,





BAIKAL TEAL.

and forty miles would be no distance for a pair to travel when looking for a nesting site. I only hope that many more people who are the happy possessors of suitable places, with such examples as Netherby, Woburn, etc., before them, will endeavour to persuade some of the beautiful foreign ducks to remain full-winged and breed in England. I know that I am calling down all sorts of maledictions on my head from those few ornithologists



PINTAIL DRAKE.

be persuaded to hybridise, and many of the progeny are beautiful and all of them interesting. Pintail-wild duck hybrids are by far the easiest to get; all that is necessary is to pen a pintail drake in a small enclosure with a wild duck or several pintail drakes in a larger enclosure with several wild ducks, and it will be found that nearly all the eggs from the second nests, at any rate, will be fertile, though the first clutches



AMERICAN WIDGEON.

whom I will term "ultra-scientific," and who cannot bear the idea of any kind not strictly British being liberated in the British Isles. These very scientific people lose sight of the fact that thousands of others get immense pleasure from seeing some new or rare birds at liberty in this country. But one ought most certainly to make quite sure before liberating a new species that they will not, if they increase greatly (which is not usually the case) be harmful to crops, trees, etc. But when one has satisfied one's self on this point, I fail to see what there is to cry out against introducing such species as foreign ducks, especially as ducks do not, when left to themselves, hybridise at all freely, and it is only when large numbers are kept in confinement, and not in true pairs, that hybrids are obtained; though, by the interference of man, most ducks can



WIDGEON.

of eggs may be laid too early for the pintail drakes to have been ready to fertilise. Other fairly common hybrids are those between gadwall and wild duck, sheldrake and wild duck, Carolina and wild duck, common and American widgeon.

The bimaculated duck, formerly looked upon as a distinct species, is now generally recognised as a hybrid between a teal drake and a wild duck, though some people, myself among them,

consider it to be a cross between a teal drake and a hybrid pintail wild duck female. One of the few hybrids handsomer than either parent is that between a rosybill and a tufted duck. This bird looks like a distinct species and not a hybrid. The drake, in full winter plumage, has the bill blue, pink at the base, purple head and neck, most brilliant orange eyes, shiny black breast and beautiful French grey flanks and dark upper parts. I

AN UNFRUITFUL ALLIANCE.  
*Spur-winged gander and Muscovy duck.*



have this spring bred what I believe to be a new hybrid, viz., between a garganey teal drake and common teal duck. Hybrids have occurred between garganey and shoveller, shoveller and wild duck, though neither of them are pretty. White-eyed pochard will hybridise with the rare marbled teal and with the tufted duck, apparently in a wild state, for the hybrid which I saw alive was captured on a Norfolk mere. There is at the London Zoo a fine young hybrid between the Orinoco goose and Egyptian goose. An almost endless list of hybrid ducks might be made out, but I think that I have mentioned sufficient to show that hybrids, when desired, may easily be obtained by judicious pairing, but I believe that in all crosses between surface-feeders and diving ducks the hybrids are sterile, as also in cases where the parents differ widely in structure, etc., as in sheldrake, wild duck and Carolina wild duck hybrids. What one would expect to be easily obtained, and very beautiful, is a hybrid between Carolina and mandarin, but ducklings from this cross have never reached maturity! These ducks seem to me to correspond with golden and Amherst pheasants in the gallinaceous group, and these produce most gorgeous hybrids. A case of curious mating took place here this spring. An old

had reacted to the tuberculin test shortly before parturition. The cows were allowed to calve in premises at Woburn, and immediately after birth the calf was removed from its mother and taken to a separate farm (Charity Farm) one mile distant. All the milk used for feeding the calves has, before use, been raised to a temperature known to be certainly fatal to tubercle bacilli, and both indoors and at grass the animals have been strictly isolated. The calves have all been tested twice for tuberculosis, but were found to be perfectly free of the disease. The intention is, eventually, to kill the animals, and ascertain by careful post-mortem examination whether they are free from tuberculosis or not.

The feeding experiment is in progress with the view of ascertaining what is the most economical plan of rearing calves from birth. Twenty calves are divided into five lots of four each, the several lots having been differently fed for three months from the time of their purchase at two or three days old. One lot has had whole milk only; another lot, separated milk and cod-liver oil; a third, separated milk and a purchased calf-meal; a fourth, separated milk and gruel (linseed and oatmeal); and the fifth lot, separated milk and crushed oats. The calves are now turned out into the yard and are all receiving a little linseed cake with crushed oats and hay. Their subsequent development, as affected by the earlier feeding, will be the subject of observation. At present,



A DUCK TRAP.

South African black spur-winged gander (who lost his mate two years ago) paired to a Muscovy duck, and although mating took place, none of the eggs proved fertile, so I substituted shelduck eggs, and the Muscovy is now the proud and very efficient "mother" of six young shelduck. H. WORMALD.

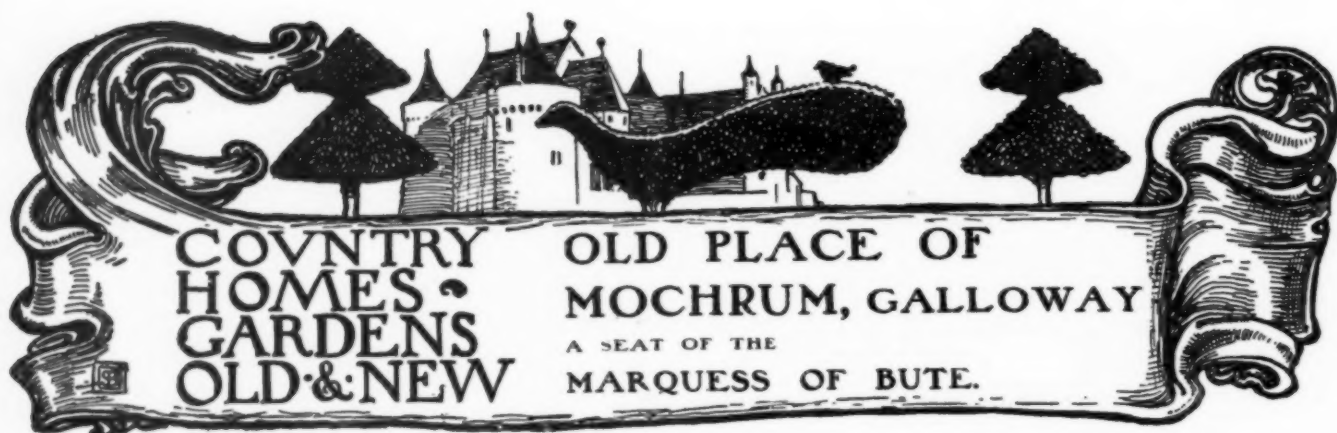
### THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S EXPERIMENTS.

TWO new experiments are being conducted at Woburn that will be of interest, and possibly of considerable value, to those who undertake the breeding of cattle. One of these is in connection with tuberculosis and the other with the feeding of calves in their earliest stages. The purpose of the tuberculosis experiment is to demonstrate that when calves born of tuberculous cows are separated from their dams immediately after birth, and subsequently kept in circumstances that prevent direct or indirect contact with tuberculous cattle, they can be reared free from the disease. At present there are thirteen yearling animals, and two calves born this year, all of them being the offspring of cows which

those which were fed on the separated milk and crushed oats are the heaviest, whole milk coming next. The gruel gave the worst results. In addition to producing, so far, the heaviest calves, the crushed oats and separated milk was the cheapest food per pound weight of flesh gained.

In the pot-culture station there are a number of most interesting experiments in progress. One that will be of considerable economic value when completed relates to the elimination of the wild onion from fields where it grows naturally. In some parts of Essex and Hertfordshire fields are so badly infested with it that it is impossible to grow marketable crops in them. But it has been found that if such fields are sown with Elliott's mixture of grasses the wild onions will gradually die out. This mixture contains such plants as burnet, kidney vetch, red clover, chicory and fall fescue grass, all of which are deep-rooting, and the theory is that the roots of these break the heavy soil and so drain and aerate it and thus render it an unsuitable medium for the wild onion to grow in. The Woburn experiment is to ascertain which of the plants named above is the most injurious to the onion. Once this is determined the owner of an infested field will only need to sow it with the proper plant and the onion will disappear.

Other interesting experiments in progress at the pot-culture station relate to the heating and liming of soil, and the effect of magnesia on wheat and other crops.



**Y**OU may be at home in Princes Street and on St. Andrews links; you may have steamed along Loch Katrine and through the Kyles of Bute; clung to the wheel as your ketch stabbed the uneasy water of the Mull of Cantyre, and shot and fished the Highlands through; but you do not know Scotland if you are strange to Galloway. Yet to most people this delectable land is quite unknown, and its characteristic beauties unguessed. True, it is difficult to reach and trains are few and leisurely; but to know it is worth an effort. A country of rough moors and of broad and kindly hills, rich with the story of Whig and Covenant, the south-west corner of Scotland yields to no other district in its changing beauty. Not least of the treasures of the neglected shire of Wigtown, which, with the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, makes up Galloway, is Old Place of Mochrum. It is reached from Kirkcowan by five miles of rough road that threads a wild grouse moor studded with little lochs.

Mochrum made its first appearance in history when it was granted by Robert the Bruce to his nephew, Alexander. It went later into the possession of Malcolm Fleming, Earl of Wigtown, but the Flemings could not hold it against the natives, so gave it back to King David II., and it afterwards fell to Patrick Earl of March. His descendants the Dunbars of Mochrum and their connections by marriage retained it, with

some intervals of misfortune, until it went by inheritance to the late Marquess of Bute. From these Dunbars sprang Gavin, the great Bishop of Aberdeen. His name still lives in that city, where he completed the work of Bishop Elphinstone in the foundation of the University and the building of St. Machar's Cathedral. Another Gavin Dunbar was his nephew, and Archbishop of Glasgow. This dignitary and the great Cardinal Beaton fell to quarrelling on a point of precedence. When the Cardinal visited Glasgow there was a hand-to-hand fight on the steps of the Cathedral, if John Knox is to be believed. As, however, Knox said that Dunbar was "known as a glorious fool," perhaps his narrative cannot be accepted as unprejudiced history. The most important Dunbar to be connected personally with Mochrum was Sir John, the brother of Gavin of Aberdeen. Though Old Place is now a comfortable shooting-box, it has known more deadly employments. The Dunbars followed Galloway traditions by observing feuds with their neighbours, and in 1503 Sir John was killed by a Gordon of Lochinvar. His home is a good example of Scottish architecture, more military than domestic. It shares with Ruthven Castle, Perthshire, a very interesting plan, for there were two distinct towers connected only by a high wall. The western tower, which stands up squarely on the entrance front, was probably built first by Sir John Dunbar in the last quarter of the fifteenth



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ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



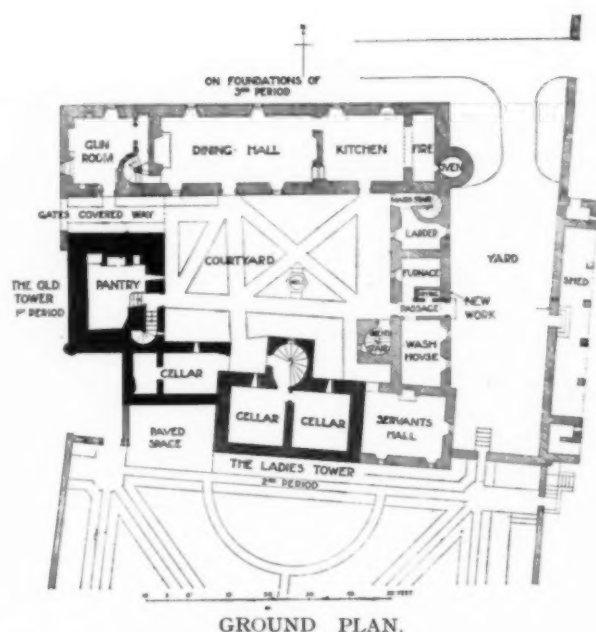


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THE LADIES' TOWER FROM COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

century. His initials and arms still adorn the walls. On one of the corbie-steps there is a shield bearing the three cushions of Randolph, Earl of Moray. This charge came into the Dunbar arms from the marriage of Randolph's daughter and heiress with Patrick, Earl of Dunbar and March, an earldom forfeited in 1434. About 1580 the rising standard of comfort demanded more accommodation. The simple tower tradition of building so strongly influenced the Dunbar of that day that he did not attempt to extend his home by adding anything in the nature of a hall, but built another tower seventeen feet away. This is variously called the Red and the Ladies' Tower. Probably a little walled courtyard connected the two, and the space is now occupied by a cellar with an upper storey. At a still later date a range of buildings was added on the north side. When the late Marquess of Bute acquired Mochrum and began to make habitable what was then a roofless ruin, his first work was to repair the oldest part—the west tower. Some fifteen years ago the Ladies' Tower was taken in hand and new floors and roof provided. About the same time the foundations of the north range were discovered and a new block built on them. This work replaces buildings which were probably added about the time of James I. and VI. A further new building on the east side completed the courtyard. Of recent years an extensive refitting of the rooms has been proceeding from the designs of Mr. R. Weir Schultz, who has also laid out the garden and its walls. With what skill he has caught the spirit of the old work is shown by our pictures of the interiors. The beams of the dining-room were already there, but the fireplace, paneling and furniture are of his devising. The large coat of arms over the fireplace is of the MacDouall family, one



of whom married a Crichton, Earl of Dumfries, and so brought Mochrum at length into the Bute family. Praise is due to Mr.

Joseph Armitage for the very interesting wood carvings which he has done for Mr. Schultz. They show a freshness of invention and a sense of material all too rare. The castle doubtless got its name of Old Place from the fact that one of the Dunbars moved his home from there to Mochrum Park, near Newton-Stewart, some twelve miles away. When Symson wrote in 1684, Old Place was still "a good house," and there is no record of the date of its abandonment. At that time the estate belonged to Sir James Dunbar, an extravagant man who had some bickerings with his neighbour, Maxwell of Monreith. Dunbar met him at an entertainment soon after Maxwell had been made a baronet, and rudely asserted his precedence before a lady with "Mochrum before Monreith." Maxwell good-humouredly offered Dunbar a hogshead of claret to drink to the new honour, and Dunbar accepted it, but gave precedence only so long as the wine lasted, withdrawing it when "the butt was out" with "Hoot, man, yer claret's dune." Whether these proceedings rankled in Maxwell's mind or not, it is the fact that Sir James Dunbar's Mochrum lands gradually became Maxwell property, perhaps by way of foreclosed mortgages. It is, however, fair to say that Sir James's patent of baronetcy of 1694 recited the sufferings and hardships he had suffered in the cause of William and Mary. From this it would seem that he was no friend of the Stewart cause, and that some of his losses were the result of political enmities.



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TOP OF THE OLDER TOWER FROM THE GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Early in the eighteenth century his son, Sir George Dunbar, parted with the lands which had survived his father's misfortunes and extravagance, and Old Place was acquired by Colonel William Dalrymple of Glenmuir, through whose marriage with Penelope Countess of Dumfries it came at length to her descendant, the Marquess of Bute.

Though his patrimony had been dispersed, the succeeding Dunbar, Sir James, the son of Sir George, did not fail to uphold

has been small compared with the labours Lord Bute undertook at Falkland Palace, the results are, in their own way, no less satisfactory.

The fabric as it stands to-day shows the succeeding phases of Scottish building in an interesting fashion. It is a matter for great regret that the range of building on the north side of the courtyard was represented by nothing but foundations, and that the restoration was, therefore, purely conjectural. Scottish



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## THE TWO TOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

*Fifteenth century on the right, sixteenth century on the left.*

the family honour. When he was only about twenty-one years old, he offered to take his father's place in a duel, as we learn from a charming and stately letter that has survived. Whether he fought or not does not appear, but if he did, the result was satisfactory, for he lived to succeed his father as third baronet. With him Old Place of Mochrum slipped out of the history of Scottish homes until the late Marquess of Bute rescued it from architectural dishonour. Though the work of reparation

houses that have developed from a single tower to a courtyard are so few in number that the loss of so fine an example, as Mochrum once was, is particularly unfortunate. We can hardly suppose that the seventeenth century builders laid the courtyard with such an attractive surface of cobbles and paved walks as Mr. Weir Schultz has devised, but in its main outlines Old Place is doubtless very much as the Dunbars left it when their fortunes declined. The comparatively good condition in which



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IN THE LADIES' TOWER.

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OAK BEDROOM.

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THE KITCHEN: FITTINGS OLD AND NEW.

"C.L."

Lord Bute found the walls of the old towers is a tribute to the sound work of long-dead masons. It is a cause for thankfulness that Mochrum escaped "restoration" in the early part of the nineteenth century, for the architects of those days were relentless in cloaking old buildings with additions in the wiry Gothic manner which they so ludicrously misapplied. Wiser men than they have since been able, in some cases, to clear away these unlovely accretions, but more often the mischief cannot be retrieved. Old Place of Mochrum, framed in its new garden and set amid the wider beauties of moor and loch, is as pleasant a place as Galloway knows, and that is to say much.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

## THE NEW DOCTOR.

OUR ideas of the medical men have changed much since the day of Jane Austen, when the apothecary was the natural attendant of the sick and the barber-surgeon performed operations. Even the family doctor tends to become a revolutionised institution. The changes that have occurred are discussed in a book written by Dr. Charles J. Whitby. It is called "The Doctor and His Work," and is published by Stephen Swift and Co. The newest and most interesting point in it is its indication of a change of fashion. Readers of fiction, at any rate, do not want the historian to tell them that cures are the craze of the hour, as those agreeable writers who, shooting folly as it flies, express on paper the passing fancies of the hour, have told us all about a great many of them, from the water-drinking Gil Blas backwards and forwards. In very modern times, several crazes have come and gone. There was the hydropathic establishment, so much in favour with a preceding generation. Its founder was Vincent Priessnitz, a Silesian peasant born in 1799. He died a millionaire, owing to the popularity of his water cure. The fashion spread to England. Dr. Gully started his hydropathic at Malvern, and Bulwer Lytton was one of his many distinguished patients. This was modified by John Smedley, who varied the treatment with packs and fomentations of varying temperature, and built "Smedley's" at Matlock Bank. At the end of the nineteenth century the open-air treatment and the sanatorium were in full vogue, nor have they yet lost their popularity; but medical men are beginning to say that sanatorium patients show as large a mortality as others. Private hospitals and nursing homes are the most particular rage of the moment. The medical man has changed in type with the changing times. He has been valued for his chemistry and his cleverness with drugs. At one time the surgeon was most fashionable; to-day the favourite expert is the bacteriologist. Our author thinks that a new change is impending, and that the future will belong to the psychologist. On this point it would be well to quote the author's credo: "I believe in the real existence of the sphere of realities hypothesized by psychic research, and in the competency of scientific methods to unveil its mysterious laws. . . . For my own part, having for a good many years closely followed the progress of occultism and psychic research, I am strongly disposed to believe that there is a 'something' behind it all of immense potentiality both for good and evil. We are perhaps on the eve of discoveries which may open up vistas of inconceivable grandeur, and place at the disposal of science powers of incalculable magnitude. If so, the more urgent is the need of some organised body suitable to become the recipients and guardians of this new light and the responsible wielders of this tremendous power. It may, for aught I or anybody knows, even become necessary to revive in some suitably modified form the ancient safeguard of a graduated series of initiations. Already those who profess to know are insistently warning us of the dangers of indiscriminate dabbling in occult practices." Medicine is a science, and it is astonishing to find one of its professors expressing himself in this manner in regard to the visions and sophistries of charlatans.

## THE HON. A. HOLLAND-HIBBERT'S LABRADORS.

LOOKING backwards some twenty-five years or thereabouts in the history of the Labrador dog, as known in this country, we cannot but recognise that an enormous improvement in type has been effected. And this improvement is all the more noticeable in that it is not due entirely, nor even chiefly, to shows, thereby differing from the development which takes place in one after another of the "fancy" breeds. Points, in these latter, become fixed in a time so short, and reproduced with a fidelity so regular, as to make us wonder how it is done, till we remember that "this thusness" is inevitable. For inbreeding fixes the type; when it takes place among the progeny, *inter se*, of a fashionable stud dog, himself inbred, the result is to perpetuate his type. Sometimes the type decreed by a consensus of opinion among the fancy may be reasonable—or even excellent—as, for instance, in the Cocker spaniel; at others it may take the form of a hideous concatenation of eyesores, as in—well,



T. Fall.

MUNDEN SAPPER.

Copyright.

winter fowling; and yet it is but a few years since such an anomaly was witnessed at Manchester. No, if we are to maintain both nervous system and constitution unimpaired, exaggerations in type must be shunned; apart from their uselessness, too close inbreeding is necessary for their faithful reproduction. True, inbreeding, up to a certain point, is necessary; more, it is natural, but in Nature its attendant risks are discounted by the marriage of the fittest only, and here, as in many other matters, we shall do well to follow Nature, to imitate her safeguards.

That the improvement in Labrador type has been brought about with but very little sacrifice of efficiency will be readily admitted by anyone conversant with the performances of the breed, whether at field trials or in the ordinary conduct of a day's shooting, which often affords opportunities which cannot be stage-managed at the trials. One or two characteristics have been lost, or nearly lost, such as the big round "barrel," which, while denoting great space for heart and lungs, was usually slung between a pair of



T. Fall.

MUNDEN SORROW, SABA AND SANDFLY.

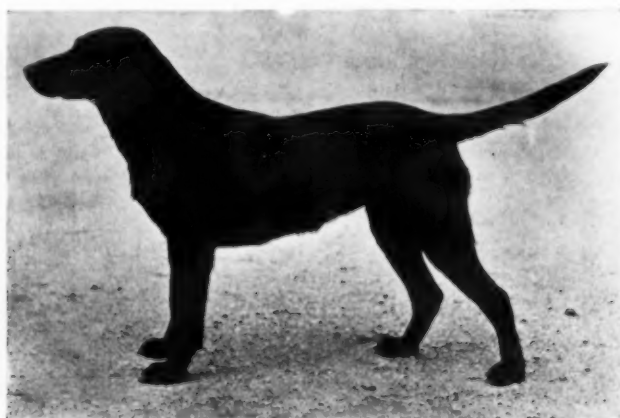
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certain breeds which will readily occur to the frequenter of shows. This physical uniformity is only too often obtained at the expense of mental qualities unimportant, alas! in the show dog pure and simple, but of the utmost consequence in a retriever, be he of what breed he may. An equally vital matter is constitution; a retriever which requires to be encumbered with a rug on a show-bench and under cover will cut a sorry figure at

very indifferent shoulders; the dense under-coat also, rendering its wearer as waterproof as a seal, is passing, though we were glad to see, and feel, it on the winner at a recent Northern show, where the class for the breed was headed by three excellent specimens. Without this coat no Labrador can be called perfect. The comparative rarity of that mental serenity, a quality difficult of definition but once a trait in the breed, probably a relic of the dourness



MUNDEN SABA.



SHAMEFUL.





*T. Fall.*

A GROUP OF LABRADORS.

*Copyright.*

resulting from countless generations' residence in a land of appalling climatic severity, is possibly due to the fact that retrievers are now kept in greatly increased numbers, and thus see a good deal more of the inside of a kennel than of their masters' society. Such is, however, not the case with Mr. Holland-Hibbert's Labradors; although he keeps a good many, each one is as well ordered and quiet as if he, or she, were his or her master's

sole and constant companion—but then there are masters *and* masters.

Of the portraits, Mr. Holland-Hibbert describes Sapper (1), as his best dog, now that Sovereign is too old. His dam, Sandfly carries a head both wide and brainy. She is "slower than most of the kennel" and, therefore, probably a quick recoverer of game, as are many retrievers just



*Munden Sorrow.*

*Munden Sandfly.*

*Munden Sovereign.*

*Munden Saba.*

THE PICK OF THE KENNEL.

slow enough not to waste time by over-running the scent. We give two portraits of Sorrow, an own sister to Saba but with five years in hand, and already, at two years old, her owner's best bitch. Saba is an almost ideal brood bitch, although her portrait gives her a hollow back. No weediness here, but great bone, and almost a dog's head. She descends on her

sire's side from Sir Richard Graham's celebrated Tar, while her dam, Single (by Sixty out of Scottie) is three-quarters bred from the Duke of Buccleuch's kennel. Scottie's sire was Drake, born twenty-one years ago, than whom no better or wiser dog ever "wore hair." Anxious to reproduce the lovely heads of Single and her son, Sovereign, Mr. Holland-Hibbert some time since took his courage in both hands and bred mother to son, and (here was salvation) the offspring to an outsider, comparatively speaking; result, Shameful a puppy whose beauty we trust will not tempt



T. Fall.

A FINE LITTER.

Copyright.

her owner to make any further experiments in the same risky direction. At any rate, the appearance of the litter argues well for the future, and betokens a degree of proper nourishment and care far in excess of that bestowed upon the poor human mites whose lot these puppies may be destined indirectly to ameliorate. For to the Society for the Preven-

tion of Cruelty to Children goes the price of every pup sold from the Munden Kennel. Wherefore, should Rock or Jet, or whatever his name be, turn out, as he probably may, a flier, there is an ample excuse for a further contribution to the aforesaid society as a thank-offering from his proud master; equally, should misfortune cut short a promising career, the purchaser can but try again, adding a little bit "on his own" to propitiate the powers who preside over the perils of puppyhood.

DOUGLAS CAIRNS.

## IN THE GARDEN.

THE CROCUSES OF AUTUMN AND WINTER.

**A**LTHOUGH they cannot be compared with the brilliant yellow, blue and white Crocuses that blow so freely in the early spring months, the species that naturally flower from October onwards until the dainty little *C. susianus* opens its blossoms in February are by no means devoid of interest. Indeed, some of the more showy ones

form a delightful feature of the outdoor garden in the fast waning days of the year, and when kissed by the autumn or winter sun reveal hidden beauties that surpass the vivid hues of their spring brethren. For some inexplicable reason these autumn and winter Crocuses are not grown in many gardens; indeed, one might safely say that they are rarely met with outside the gardens of enthusiastic hardy plant lovers; yet they are by no means

difficult to cultivate. It is true that some of the best are rather expensive, at least compared with the spring varieties, but not sufficiently so to account for the neglect that they suffer in most gardens. To gain the full beauty of the autumn and winter Crocuses, a sunny position, and if possible one sheltered from boisterous

winds, should be chosen. It is only when the sun meets the flowers that they open and so display their beautiful venation of the segments and the rich colour of stigma and anthers. Wind, too, often causes much damage to the blossoms, as they are more fragile than those of many other plants. Ideal positions can, however, be found in most gardens without much difficulty. Where a narrow border runs alongside the west or south of the dwelling-house, the

Crocuses under notice will find a happy home; or it may be that nooks bearing these aspects are available in the rock garden or to the front of the shrubbery border; any place, in fact, where the corms can be left undisturbed. Of equal importance to aspect and shelter is the question of soil. Not that these Crocuses are over fastidious, but they resent excessive or stagnant moisture. A well-drained soil that is rather on the



A GARDEN-HOUSE OF UNUSUAL PLAN.

sandy side suits them best, but any good soil that is not waterlogged can have sand added to it for these flowers, should it be at all lacking in that substance. In fact, where the soil is at all heavy, it is best to place a layer of sand under and over the corms at planting-time, which is usually early in August, though July is

better if corms can be obtained then. They may, however, be successfully planted as late as the first or second week in September, though so late a date is not advisable if it can be avoided.

The depth to plant the corms is a moot point. I believe Mr. E. A. Bowles, whom his numerous friends style the "Crocus King," advocates planting about three inches deep, and under his clever management they do remarkably well. For the ordinary mortal, however, such a course would lead to failure with many of the choicest kinds, and the safest plan I am convinced is to plant as shallow as possible; one and a-half inches of soil on the corms is ample, and it ought to be in a finely-crushed condition. The arrangement of the corms calls for some consideration. It must be admitted that single plants dotted about indiscriminately are neither effective nor pleasing, and it is to colonies that we must look for good effects. How large these colonies shall be will depend upon the space at disposal and the quantity that is to be grown. But I would advocate keeping each kind by itself. Thus in the rock garden a whole nook should be devoted to one, two or three dozen corms of one species, and the same course of grouping should be adopted where a border by the dwelling-house or other building is being planted.

The following are all good autumn and winter flowering Crocuses that are not very expensive, and which are not difficult to grow: Autumn—*asturicus*, pale to deep mauve, with violet stripes at the base; *hyemalis Foxii*, white, veined rich purple, with yellow interior; *longiflorus*, one of the best, with beautiful soft lilac flowers; *pulchellus*, lavender blue, with white anthers; *Salzmanni*, lilac, with violet stripes; *sativus*, the Saffron Crocus, purple lilac, striped violet, with brilliant orange stigma; *speciosus*, the best of all autumn Crocuses, the bright blue flowers being particularly showy; *Aitchisonii*, a large-flowered variety of *speciosus*; *zonatus*, lilac, with orange zone. Winter—*biflorus*, white, striped violet; *chrysanthus*, yellow, variable; *etruscus*, pale lavender; *Imperati*, a beautiful violet-coloured Crocus; *Sieberi*, pale lavender blue; and *vitellinus*, yellow, with orange scarlet stigma.

F. W. H.

#### TWO GARDEN-HOUSES.

THE two accompanying pictures of Mr. Oliver Hawkshaw's charming garden in Hampshire are instructive as showing two good types of garden-houses. One has a hexagonal roof which groups admirably with the wall and steps. The other stands at the right-hand end of the same wall and is built on an interesting L-shape plan, that gives views both across the lawn and down the path parallel with the wall. The conical treatment of the part of the roof that comes over the junction of the L is very happy. Attention may also be drawn to the stepping of the wall. The masonry is carried up as a pier at the points where the slope of the ground makes a break needful. These piers are surmounted by genuinely rustic ornaments, viz., rick stones. The mushroom-shaped pieces (which sit on top of the stone stalks when they are used for ricks) are here reversed and act the part of bases. Pleasant old stones that have done work for many years thus take decorative duty in their old age, and contrive to bring a Jacobean flavour to the stretches of tiling that protect the ridge of the walls.

#### A BEAUTIFUL ROSE HEDGE.

Now that Roses are so largely used for screens, hedges and other purposes where a comparatively dense mass of shoots and foliage is required, it may be of interest to record a pleasing combination that I saw in a garden the other day. The owner was desirous of shutting off a portion of the vegetable garden from devoted to flowers, and although he did not care for the small-flowered *wichuriana* or *Polyantha* Roses, he wished to have a hedge of the large-flowered varieties, so that they might be utilised for cutting. After seeking the advice of a number of rosarian friends, he decided to plant a double row of the old buff-coloured *Gloire de Dijon* and the scarlet-crimson *Grüss an Teplitz*, alternating the bushes of each variety. The plants have done remarkably well, and have been in flower for a considerable time, the combination of the colours and the fragrance of the different varieties being most pleasing. Another hedge noticed in the same garden was composed entirely of the Thornless Rose, *Zephyrine Drouhin*, a free-growing and early-flowering variety, with huge trusses of large, rose pink and deliciously fragrant blooms. Although the Penzance Briars are often used for hedges, the fleeting character of their blooms deters many from planting them, except where their Sweet Briar fragrance is specially desired.

#### A BEAUTIFUL EVENING PRIMROSE.

Although the charming little Evening Primrose known to gardeners as *Oenothera Youngii* has been in cultivation in a few gardens for some years, it does not appear to be at all well known. Compared with the common plant, *O. biennis*, it is small, attaining a height of about two feet only. It commences to flower in June, and continues for some weeks, its compact, branching habit rendering it an ideal plant for the border. The cinnamon red tint of the unopened calyx forms a pleasing contrast to the deep golden yellow hue



GARDEN WALL WITH RICK STONES AS PIER TERMINALS.

of the flowers, which open much earlier in the evening than do the larger and paler yellow blossoms of *O. biennis*, and for that reason alone it is well worth cultivating. It can easily be increased by division of the old plants, as it is a true perennial. Seeds, too, can be procured, and if sown at once in a cold frame would provide small plants for flowering next year. It likes moderately rich and cool soil, with an abundance of water during dry weather. H.

## NETTLES.

THE most doughty knight in the defence of nettles as a domestic vegetable is Dr. Josiah Oldfield, who, year in, year out protests that when other greens are scarce, the tender, young nettle tops are at their best. "With a gloved hand and a pair of scissors a basketful can be gathered in a few minutes." The simplest mode of preparation is to wash them well and put them, wet, into a saucepan and cover with the lid. In a short time they will be cooked tender and there will be nothing to pour away. This cooking retains their valuable nerve-feeding salines, and they may be ranked as among the most valuable of early spring antiscorbutic vegetables. If they are then beaten up with butter or cream, and a poached egg dropped on them, they make a delightful and most wholesome dish. Not as a substitute, but as a first cousin to spinach are stinging-nettle tops most to be appreciated. They are treated in the same way, but have a distinguishing flavour of their own. An old-fashioned recipe—not precisely on spinach lines—is as follows: "Use about 1lb. young well-washed nettles, picked free from grass. Put in a pan with enough water to cover them. When tender strain the nettles, and put the water aside. Return the nettles to the pan with three tablespoonfuls of butter, previously melted, add a tumbler of the nettle water, and when it boils throw in three tablespoonfuls of coarse oatmeal. Let it thoroughly amalgamate and stir occasionally. Keep boiling for seven minutes, adding more nettle water from time to time to keep it to the consistency of thick porridge. Add pepper and salt." This is a Lancashire dish, and has been proved to be palatable—and somewhat out of the ordinary. It is, of course, far easier to get nettle tops in the country than in London, but any enterprising greengrocer can procure them, if he likes to take the trouble, at a day's notice, although he will probably charge ten times what they cost him. That is the way of the West End purveyor when asked for anything just a little out of the common. If gathered wild, care must be taken to pick the true stinging-nettle, with a round, hairy stalk, bearing a dull, colourless bloom, and not a labiate



nettle with a square stem. Also, they are good to eat in spring, but harmful and to be avoided in late summer or autumn. Nettles were once much more popular as a vegetable and as a drink—nettle tea and nettle beer, for instance—than they are now. Old Samuel Pepys (February 25th, 1660) writes: "To Mrs. Symons, and there we did eat some Nettle Porridge, which was made on purpose to-day, and was very good." It has been used, too, as a simile,

and in no very kind sense either. Lord Macaulay, contemporary history tells us, hated Lord Brougham, and wrote once concerning him: "His powers are gone, like a dead Nettle: his spite is immortal." That Shakespeare knew the qualities of the stinging-nettle is evident by half-a-dozen references thereto in his plays. "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

FRAANK SCHLOESSER.

## HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

"HAMPSTEAD HEATH (480 ac.), a fine stretch of open ground, is a favourite holiday resort of Londoners."

Thus my Encyclopædia, which, even more casually dismissing the same subject under the entry of "London," on another page, also halves the acreage—" (240 ac.)." What matter? The Heath's precise area may interest the statistician; so may the exact number of thousands of trippers who flood it on Whit-Monday. Neither is of the smallest moment to him who has fallen into the habit of taking contemplative walks abroad on the Heath itself, wooing the Heath, at dawn and at dusk, in winter and in summer, for its own beauties, loving it for its loveliness, not for its magnitude as registered in the archives of the London County Council.

Far be it from me to imply that your true enthusiast of the Heath takes pains to blink its plebeian aspect. It must be a timid and over-cultured soul who can feel no thrill when tubes and trams vomit their myriads of pale city-dwellers and on the apportioned dancing-places the greensward is trodden to dust beneath the frolicsome feet of the East Ender and his lass; when the air is thick with the medley of sound from organs (steam or mouth); when the roundabouts whirl and the wiggle woggle (strangest of diversions) thumps and rackets and bangs its patrons into ecstasies of laughter. No connoisseur should miss one of the most amazing spectacles in the world—Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday. But let him not go in any satirical mood. I do not ask him to try the adventure of the wiggle woggle, make himself dizzy on the roundabout, or frisk (a self-invited guest) in any coster fandango; there is no call for him to prove his democratic sympathies by partaking of

winkles and halfpenny ice cream; but for heaven's sake let him eschew the pose and smile of the superior person; for in truth

he is privileged to witness a phenomenon not comic or contemptible, but infinitely touching, infinitely moving and human, aye, and infinitely glad some. It is indeed the possessor of little faith who can perceive nought that is reassuring in this queer pandemonium of a carnival. I sometimes think that if the whole metropolis could gain some breath of the spirit of Hampstead Heath's childlike ridiculousness, we should not only be a happier, but also, maybe, a wiser community. Merriment is a lost art among us, or, rather, is becoming too much of an art, and, moreover, artificial. But these are profitless reflections. The Heath's true lover, I repeat, scorns not the Bank Holiday mob, and in consequence scorns not the Heath. I have met many benighted individuals who quite seriously suppose that Hampstead Heath is scarcely more than a pitch for booths and Aunt Sallies. A sad mistake! Hampstead Heath, Mesdames et Messieurs, allow me to inform you, is one of the most beautiful public open spaces not only in London, but in Europe.

Come, take the tube from Charing Cross to Hampstead Station, emerge there, climb the High Street until you reach its summit, and then pray tell me if the fresh blowing wind is not worth the journey. It is an astonishing place, that summit, to be found within a mile or two of Belgravia. True, our elevation now is but a trifle more than that of the top of the dome of St. Paul's; but—well, have you ever been to the top of the dome of St. Paul's? Even if you have, you will acknowledge that it is, in its way, a far less impressive altitude than this Heath summit. To begin with, there is a pond on the Heath summit; and



Ward Muir.

VETERANS.

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nobody has ever proposed to perch a pond on the cupola of St. Paul's. (Also, there is an inn, equally unecclesiastical.) Now, this pond, lying so peculiarly on the utmost peak of the ridge, catches every zephyr that blows, and as a result, is the haunt of infants of both sexes, who sail boats and fly kites. A small item, but a charming one. For our picture, mostly sky, presents to the admirer a foreground of brightly lighted



Ward Muir.

## IN THE BIRCH WOOD.

Copyright.

water, and specks of white sail thereupon; nursemaids superintending—more or less—the boat-owners; a bath-chair or two; and the finest breeze imaginable wafted from Buckingham or Hertfordshire, bringing not a smut, not an odour but the odour of purity upon its wings. It has something of the quality of a seaside foreland, this eminence of the Hampstead heights; but you look over the edge to the north and you descry no ocean, but one whose billows are green country dotted with townships—Harrow, Hendon and the rest; and southward, if you step to the parapet, you gaze forth over London itself, a vast morass of dun roofs and smoke-fog, with (curiously low in appearance) our old friend the dome of St Paul's, a grey, rather dirty bubble floating on the surface of the fumes. Impossible to believe that one is standing only a few feet higher than the top of that weak little blob of a dome! Higher or no, one is in a different realm, on a different plane, under a

different welkin; the city is afar off; in the dingle beneath our ledge the wind is rustling a thicket of willows; on the sandy bluff to the left there is a dark pine cluster; and away down Golder's Hill towards the afternoon sun we may see the silver pattern of the stems of a wood of birches.

Close by, from the quaint terrace-alley called Judge's Walk, one catches the glint of the Welsh Harp as a polished and

metallic speck in a multi-coloured champaign—a country which, alas, will no doubt some day be blistered and scored with red brick, when "N.W.," already enormous, shall have crept to Edgware and beyond. But even then the nearer braes will still be unsullied, for the West Heath, like the rest of this pleasure-ground, can never be built upon. Conceive of it! Absolutely the grandest site within the London postal district (Hyde Park is nothing to it) can never be built upon, never tainted with the money-value curse, will always be beautiful not because it "pays" somebody or other to keep it beautiful, but because it is beautiful on its own account.

Turn and stroll eastward along the Spaniards Road. Gaze north again. Gaze south. On the one slope are brakes of furze and broom, oak and thorn; on the other, fine stretches of sheep-cropped turf sweep suavely down, under the scattered timbering, like a nobleman's pleasaunce, towards Parliament



Ward Muir.

## "SILVER FRINGED THE FOREST CLOUD."

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Hill. London's grey surge is beating on that shore; London is crawling round, on east and on west; London will soon have made this spot an island; but the island can never be engulfed. The furze and the broom will flower here for ever, not just because they have been put here by an æsthetic-principled landscape gardener, but because they have always been here and are in their proper place here; the pleasaunce-like lawns will always remain, be there never so fabulous a price offered for them by the speculator.

I have heard someone say that the very name of Hampstead Heath sounds vulgar; it has vulgar associations in the mind. True, the village green is vulgar—it is common ground. Hampstead Heath is London's village green, appropriately gigantic, a Yosemite Reservation of Middlesex. It is vulgar in that it is common to all, it is a magnificent example of vulgar common-sense, a simple thing, and for that reason so rare as to be miraculous. Are there noisy cocoanut-shies here on Bank Holidays for the poor? There is also, all the year round, not far off, a lengthy and splendid horse ride for the rich. Are there

"mokes" for hire? Turn to the roadway on the crest, and you will see a constant procession of the costliest automobiles. Are there uproarious revellers in the Vale of Health? A mile away (and you are still on the Heath and out of sight of houses) you may find quiet students conning their work under immemorial elms, and an artist or so painting a glade not less silent and sunlit than those he could have found in the New Forest.

Solitude and the crowd—there is room, ample room, for both, neither hurting the feelings of the other. Four o'clock of a summer's morning, the dew on the webbed brambles, the mist upon the ponds, the Heath is as empty as Dartmoor, as fragrant as Kent, as bracing as Perthshire. Twelve hours later, of a Saturday, and it is as merry as Margate. But even then you still may find a nook for meditation and repose. The Heath is big. And it is yours; it is mine; it is 'Arry's and 'Arriet's. We shall not be so churlish as to begrudge it to each other. Rather let us praise the fates which have made it vulgar, wholesomely common to us all.

WARD MUIR.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

EVIDENCE is not wanting that the late Mr. Andrew Lang was fortunate in this, that he died while in the full exercise of his intellectual activity. Delicate in bodily health, he was mentally full of energy to the last and must have left many literary projects uncompleted. Some of his immediate work, however, was brought to a conclusion. Only a few days before his death there was issued his *History of English Literature from "Beowulf" to Swinburne* (Longmans, Green and Co.), and it will serve for a long time as a test of his merits and weaknesses. It is a happily thought-out book. Mr. Lang avoided the temptation to produce an encyclopædia of literature, and he has not tried to include the names of all authors and their works. The feature of the book is that Mr. Lang has given some of his most charming essays to those writers whom he esteems most and has not inflicted dull discourses on those less valued by him. We need scarcely say that his judgments are not in every case likely to meet with approval. Mr. Lang had a great many likes and dislikes in literature. Born near Abbotsford, he had an overpowering reverence for the judgment of Sir Walter Scott in letters, and very seldom ventures to differ from it. The most notable exception to the general rule is in the case of William Dunbar, whom Scott reckoned to be the greatest of Scottish poets. Mr. Lang has scarcely a kind word to say about him. He alludes to his "wealth of strange, coarse terms of abuse," declares that a poem to the young Queen is unspeakably nauseous and goes on, "in short to be plain, it is not easy to see why Dunbar has been reckoned above James I. and Henryson." To him Barbour "is infinitely more agreeable and profitable than the Court-haunting priest of James IV." This is a studiously correct version of his summary. Who could possibly judge from it that Dunbar had a lyric gift unexcelled, if not unequalled, by any other poet in Scotland of any time, with the exception of Robert Burns? But even to the national bard he is only coldly just. He tries to do him reverence with his head, but lets it easily be seen that his heart is not in the business. The late W. E. Henley worked to death the assumption that Burns was only a sort of embodiment of the folk spirit in poetry, and that he but gave final expression to the poetry that had been existing for ages among the peasant population of the North. This is the view that Mr. Lang adopts and sets forth. It points to a certain blind side in his otherwise rich and greatly endowed mind. Wit, humour, felicitous expression were more to him than the very spirit of song, and this comes out equally in his judgment and criticism of George Herbert and Herrick, as it does in the case of the poets of his own nation. Even in regard to the ballads he gives very little evidence of that vital sympathy which renders it impossible to weary the ear of the possessor with repetitions of such piercingly pathetic bits of verse as "The Border Widow," "The Dowie Dens," "The Twa Corbies" and others not inferior to them. To get Mr. Lang at his best, we must read the essays about those writers for whom he had a full and genuine admiration. The latest of these is Tennyson, and the late Laureate is never likely again to receive a heartier eulogy than that bestowed on him. Mr. Lang will not admit the force in recent criticism. The Tennyson idyls are as good in their way as Malory's tales. That they are moralised with a morality not of all time, but purely mid-Victorian, he would never admit. That Tennyson was bourgeois in his treatment of the end of "Guinevere," the death of Tristram and similar other scenes, while the elder writers handed them down to us

in pure and unalterable poetry, he will not admit either. As might be expected, his praise of his late friend, "R. L. S.," is unstinted, and no one is likely to blame him for that; though the enumeration of virtues is almost oppressive:

When we consider the great variety of Stevenson's works, their wide range, their tenderness, their sympathy, their mastery of terror and pity, their gloom and their gaiety; when we remember that his sympathy and knowledge are as conspicuous in his tales of the brown natives of the Pacific ("The Beach of Falesa") as of Highlanders and Lowlanders, and the French of the fifteenth century; we can have little doubt concerning his place in literature.

He would never have misquoted Stevenson or Tennyson as he does Burns, as when he credits the Scottish poet with those lines of "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow":

O happy wind that bloweth south  
To where my love repaireth.

Not only are they attributed to the wrong author, but they are misquoted. There is nearly a page of corrigenda in the book, and this is but one of many others that should be added to the list. In some cases they spoil the rhythm absolutely, as in the introduction of a superfluous "O" to

O Dowglass, Dowglass,  
Tender and trewe!

which he has

O Dowglass, O Dowglass,  
Tender and trewe!

The best parts of the book are the essays on Early Scottish Literature, The Elizabethan Stage and Playwrights, and The Novelists of the Eighteenth Century. His admiration of Fielding is well known, and, although he modestly proclaims his inability to say anything new about the author of "Tom Jones," his criticism is brief, strong and to the point. The whimsicality of Laurence Sterne does not seem to have appealed to him as much. The chapter about "Yorick" does not give rise to objection or criticism, but lacks enthusiasm and appreciation. That element of whimsicality rendered with a mixture of humour and tenderness is very difficult to speak about satisfactorily. The most eloquent tribute to it is that so many great minds, including Stevenson, have tried to follow in the steps of Laurence Sterne. He made his own all what suited him in the literature of his age, but the amalgam was so peculiarly individual that it has inspired writers of every generation since his own. Of Wordsworth, Mr. Lang writes with far more sympathy than might have been expected. He is inclined to place Wordsworth very near to Milton, and apparently would have thought still more highly of him but for his lack of humour. He says:

On no contemporary but Burns and Coleridge did he bestow his approval: it may be doubted if he had spent half an hour with Byron's, Shelley's, and Keats's verse. To be sure this self-absorption is a malady most incident to poets.

Readers will see that in this *History of English Literature* Mr. Lang has left behind him a very entertaining book, full of his particular charm and individuality, though by no means free from the defects for which he was freely taken to task during his lifetime. It is literary history written by a very sprightly journalist who happens at the same time to be a man of wide reading and keen intelligence.

### MR. DRINKWATER'S NEW BOOK.

*Poems of Love and Earth*, by John Drinkwater. (David Nutt.)

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER is taking an assured position as a poet. His new book does not discover any new quality in his verse, but it shows a greater



mastery and a more finished technique. The most arresting verses are the passionate outbreaks which are placed first in the volume. The one called "Wed" is like the wail of an old ballad:

On Christmas morning we were wed,  
Ah me the morn, the luckless morn;  
Now poppies burn along the corn,  
Would I were dead.

"The Crowning of Dreaming John" is probably still alive in the memory of our readers, as many of the other pieces must be. There are two elegies which we have not seen before, one on Tolstoi, the other on Florence Nightingale. There is a touchingly charming little poem called "Pierrot," which it would be a shame to spoil by quoting from. In the poems of places, the Malvern Hills occupy a prominent position:

Above the black pine-shadows  
We dream beneath the sky,  
And watch the far-flung valleys  
Of Severn and of Wye,  
And see the white clouds, walking  
The great blue road that spans  
The world from Wales to Cotswold,  
Like ghostly caravans.

"At Grafton" we had the privilege to print. The last lines seem almost fuller of atmosphere in the book than they were in our pages:

The days are good at Grafton,  
The golden days and grey,  
The busy clouds, the mellow barns,  
And every winding way.  
And oh, the peace of Grafton  
Beneath the starlit skies,  
God dreamt of when he fashioned  
A woman's loveliest eyes.

It is rendered delightfully in a poem from which we quote the beginning:

The cool wind falls from the long low hills  
Into this quiet corner of Kent,  
Into this garden of roses and fills  
The passionate hours with a sweet content,  
It gathers the scent of the clustered pinks  
And shakes the pods of the lupin spires,  
To the heart of the yellow gorse it sinks  
And fans the peony's paling fires.

Warwickshire receives a still more ardent eulogy:

I know the south, I know the north,  
I've walked the counties up and down,  
I've seen the ships go round the coast  
From Mersey dock to London town;  
I've seen the spires of east and west,  
And sung for joy of what I've seen,  
But oh, my heart is ever fain  
Of ways where Avon's oaks are green.

The little book is a fine one, compact of human passion, human regrets and pathos, and the natural environment into which man is born and from which he passes away.

#### MRS. ARNOLD'S NEW NOVEL.

**The Storm-Dog**, by Lilian Arnold. (John Long.)

MRS. ARNOLD has written a strong but gloomy story of the Cornish coast. Her "Storm-Dog" is a weather-sign prognosticating what its name implies, and a murky kind of shadow lies all over the story. It is full of sympathy with Nature. The Cornish skies and suns, its winds and storms are rendered with the fidelity of one who must have dwelt a great deal in the open air. The characters savour of the soil. They would perhaps have been more delightful in comedy; but Mrs. Arnold is ever seeking for dark and sinister effects. The clerical miser, who fills a large part of the picture, is drawn with a relentless pen. He is of the tribe of Parson Trulliber, with a modern unctuousness which the eighteenth century parson-pigdealer did not assume. The principal woman figure in the tale wins our sympathy from the beginning, only that our feelings may be harrowed by a fate too sad for a girl formed to love and be loved. A great many other characters are brought on the stage. They are faithfully drawn figures from the Cornish coast, and one might expect to find them in an atmosphere of humour and happiness, but it is not so. Wretched lives and dreadful happenings give a colour to the story that would be melodramatic were it not for the fine gifts of writing possessed by the author.

#### A HUNTING CONTEMPORARY.

**The Foxhound**.—No. 8. (12, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.)

THE principal topic of the present number is a series of reports from Masters of Hounds as to the success or failure of Piorkowski's Distemper Serum. On the whole, the results are fairly, but, of course, not conclusively, successful. It is only fair to note that in some cases of failure the serum was used too late to be of any real benefit; for inoculation it should be given when the puppy is about two months old. As a cure for actual cases of distemper, the sooner the serum is injected after the attack has become plain, the more likely it is to be successful in effecting a cure. On the whole, my own view of it is that, without being in any sense a panacea for distemper or an infallible preventive of the disease, yet that in a certain class of cases, especially when the lungs are not affected, Piorkowski's Serum is an exceedingly valuable addition to the treatment of some forms of that protean disease that we know as distemper. Another interesting article is that by Mr. A. H. Higginson, an American Master of Hounds, replying to Mr. Smith's article on American Foxhounds. Mr. Higginson is a competent critic. I fancy I have hunted with him in England, where he was a careful observer of foxhound work, and he is, of course, an authority on American hunting. The view he takes is one with which I am in full accord, and which my own experience not only in England, but in other countries, bears out—that whatever any hound can do, from hunting an otter, tracking a wounded deer, up to working out the line of a man on a dusty road, if you only train him for it and handle him appropriately in the chase, the

foxhound can do as well as, or better than, any other. There is a notice of the Reigate Hound Show, the Garth and Tickham countries are described, there is an interesting article on Horse-breeding for Military Purposes in France, and there is a testimony in a valuable note on the vital energy of horses to the presence of these qualities in mountain and moorland bred ponies and cobs. This note I commend to the notice of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries Committee on the preservation of moorland and mountain breeds. This is in every respect an interesting number, both to the lover of foxhounds and the breeder of horses. X.

#### NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

**Bright Shame**, by Keighley Snowden. (Stanley Paul.)

THE character of Stephen Gaunt, the sculptor, in "Bright Shame," is well worked out. A North-Countryman by birth, but with a streak of Italian blood in his veins, Gaunt is one of those gifted, and by turns moody and inconsequent, beings whose virtues are the excuses of their vices. As a youth, urged on by a fever for self-expression in the only vocation that appeals to him, he scandalises the little tradesman class from which he has sprung; he kicks over the traces and leaves his native town, subsequently entering upon his art career abroad. It is left to Jacob Tempest, Stephen's half-brother, and Ruth, Jacob's wife, to adopt as their own the son of Frances Joy, the woman Stephen has loved in episodic fashion and then betrayed. The husband and wife decide to conceal the truth from their neighbours, and Frank's true parentage remains a secret between the childless couple. Frank Tempest is his father's son. The fact becomes the more obvious to his adopted parents when that father, executing a commission in the neighbourhood, meets the lad and encourages him in his desire to become an artist, to the anger of Jacob's money-making and bargaining soul and the pathetic anguish of Ruth, whose love for the lad she cannot understand but idolises is a beautiful and tender clue to the woman's inarticulate and colourless personality.

**Eve**, by Maarten Maartens. (Constable and Co., Limited.)

THE writer is a very great psychologist. In *Eve* he has permitted himself and his readers to see so acutely the springs from which the actions of his men and women have their volition that he fails to see how merciless is his systematic betrayal of those hidden motives that actuate the conduct of humanity, and which but a few are strong enough to own even to themselves. Superficially the Melissants, husband and wife, are a good-hearted, generous pair whose governing rule of life is to be happy themselves and to make their sons and daughters happy; there is nothing that money can buy that this pair will deny a child of their own, nor a pleasure within their power to confer that they would withhold. Light-heartedly they are determined to trifle and play, and they are content for their children to do the same—up to a certain point. That point is reached when Eve Melissant, marrying in ignorance of her own temperamental possibilities, compromises herself irretrievably with Udo Gallas and goes to her pleasure-loving, gay-hearted father for advice. Melissant advises against her telling her husband, Rutger Knoppe, the truth. He can forgive the folly, but he cannot forgive its finding out; and he is at pains to impress upon her the impossibility of himself or his wife recognising a discredited daughter should she be so stupidly conscientious as to complicate her position by throwing herself on Knoppe's mercy. It is a cynical outlook, complicated by the undeniable fact that Mevrouw Melissant and her husband are eminently charming, too intelligent, gracious, fascinating grown-up children whose one demand of those about them is not to make the play too earnest. An extraordinarily clever, subtle and artistic piece of work, distinguished by an arresting impression of truth.

**The Mummy**, by Riccardo Stephens. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"THE MUMMY" is one of those frankly improbable productions which aim at providing diversion, and confine themselves exclusively to that intention. The idea of the story is quite good, and its working out is average; in the course of unravelling the plot there are several unaccountable deaths and some curious happenings described for the reader's mystification. While he ponders these the position complicates itself, to discover in the end the prime factor and villain masquerading under cover that lends itself to nefarious ends. Mr. Riccardo Stephens has a fertile imagination, but his story—written as it is with a view to providing a series of excitements—does not escape occasional dull moments, and some of his elderly hero's moralisings might with advantage have been deleted.

**The Race of Circumstance**, by H. R. Campbell. (Stephen Swift and Co.)

IT is an anxious day for Catherine Manxe when her son inherits a considerable fortune and leaves the little town of Camden for New York. Circumstances are in favour of John's putting in a good time, and he proceeds to do so in ignorance of an inherited weakness, which shortly proclaims itself to his new friends. Inexperienced and impressionable, John Manxe falls under the influence of Emily Cathcart, a well-drawn example of the dissatisfied, unoccupied woman unscrupulously bent upon the pursuit of her own personal pleasure, to realise in the end a complete disillusionment. The episode between these two which leads to John Manxe's eventual escape from an uncongenial mating is carefully and naturally described, while the story is sufficiently interesting in itself to compensate for the somewhat obvious conventionalism of most of the minor characters, in particular the colourless Anne Denny, whose faithfulness to Manxe makes possible a happy ending with which the author could easily have dispensed.

**The New Humpty-Dumpty**, by Daniel Chaucer. (The Bodley Head.)

MR. DANIEL CHAUCER is a writer of undoubted ability, his range is wide, and his observation satirically shrewd. *The New Humpty-Dumpty* is a decided advance on "The Simple Life, Limited"; though it has many of the qualities that made that novel an exceedingly interesting one, it is, in addition, better balanced and more mature. The hero, Sergius Michailovitch Macdonald, is one of the most delightful and natural characters we have met with for a long time. The circumstances of his meeting with Lady Aldington at Wiesbaden, while he is in attendance on a Grand Duke and on terms of the greatest intimacy with

the little Cockney, Pett, are presented with a serious consequence of manner that defies and challenges you to prepare yourself for the social hotch-potch at which you are seated. That you enjoy it and become avid for more is due to the cleverness and ingenuity of Mr. Chaucer's whimsical mode of presentation, his insight into and feeling for his characters, the unerring instinct that saves him

from the accusation of caricature or distortion. There is exaggeration here, but so delicate and subtle is the author's method that it escapes extravagance. To those who can appreciate a sound, thoughtful and original writer with an audacious fancy and an agreeable and finished style this novel should commend itself.

## ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### HOLIDAY GOLF.—II.

**A** GOLFING holiday and holiday golf are not quite synonymous expressions. It is possible, for example, to spend an excellent golfing holiday at St. Andrews. It is fine golf—that goes without saying; it is also slow golf, because there are so many other people trying to play it; it is rather lucky golf, because, unless the ballot is kind, you may not get any play on the old course at all. But this is not what is generally meant by the term "holiday golf," and so in dealing with some Scottish links we will put on one side the championship courses—even Prestwick and Muirfield, where peace and privacy reign, and turn to a few of those that more essentially belong to the man on a holiday.

Near Prestwick is Troon, beloved—almost too much beloved, perhaps—by the golfer from Glasgow, which has one very fine course and several highly respectable "relief courses"; but the English golfer will, perhaps, be happier at another Ayrshire course, namely, Turnberry.

Turnberry is a place of a type that has only quite recently sprung into popularity. It consists, speaking roughly, of a railway station, a course, and one hotel which rears its palatial head upon high ground overlooking the links and the sea. Thus the crowd on the course can very nearly be measured by the holding capacity of the hotel, and a cunning player, by watching the comings out and goings in of his neighbours, can soon learn the best time to set out for the clearest round. For the rest, Turnberry is pleasant and interesting golf, with plenty of sand, with the burn traditional on Scottish courses, with rocks in alarming proximity at one or two holes, and a particularly blue sea. Moreover, golf can here be enjoyed for the whole seven days of the week, though the club-house is bolted and barred in gloomy disapproval on the seventh.

There are two other courses of this kind deserving of special mention—Cruden Bay in Aberdeenshire, and Duff House

in Banff. Both are good courses close by the sea, and Cruden Bay in especial has achieved a considerable reputation, both for the goodness of its golf and for one or two big professional tournaments played there. It was there, it will be remembered, that Ray beat Braid last year after a memorable struggle prolonged to the twenty-seventh hole.



NEWCASTLE, COUNTY DOWN.

*Approaching the sixteenth green.*

If the golfer requires greater variety in his daily fare, Gullane in the East Lothian is probably the best of all places for him. If he has a motor-car, he may stay at North Berwick and reach any one of the many neighbouring courses in the twinkling of an eye. If, however, he depends on his own legs, Gullane is the better centre. On the wonderful stretch of turf on Gullane Hill (perhaps the best and smoothest in the world) there cluster four courses, numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4. No. 1 and No. 2 are really fine courses, good enough and severe enough for anyone; No. 3 is shorter, but thoroughly sporting and difficult; while No. 4 is quite a short nine-hole course. On the other side of the road, the course of the New Luffness Club lies a little more solitary, while a ten minutes' walk leads to Muirfield, the home of the Honourable Company. Divided from Muirfield by Archerfield Wood, the romantic "Graden Lea-wood of the Pavilion on the Links," is the most charming of all private courses at Archerfield House, and Kilspindie on the west side of Aberlady Bay completes a unique tale of links.

I must leave unsung the glories of the courses of Forfar and Fife, Monifieth, Montrose, Barry, Carnoustie in the one, and Leven and Elie in the other; and also the more Northern courses, of which Dornoch and Nairn are loved by many with a wonderful constancy of affection. Turning to Ireland, there are fine courses hard by Dublin; but Dublin is not a holiday resort. The holiday-maker will either go South to Lahinch in County Clare, or North to a variety of fine courses. Lahinch has, I believe, one large hotel and one smaller one, wherefore the course



TURNBERRY DURING THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

*Going to the tenth hole.*



cannot be crowded beyond a certain point, and as regards the golf all are agreed that it is very fine fun. The superior person may think that the vast sand-hills and blind-approach shots constitute not quite sufficiently serious-minded golf; but even he loves them. Moreover, when it blows, as it can, so as to send the ball backwards over the striker's head, he will complain of no undue easiness. As to the humbler golfer who sometimes tops his tee shots, the joy he snatches at Lahinch is always a fearful one.

Going now to the North, there are two courses of great fame, Portrush in Antrim, and Newcastle in County Down. Newcastle is especially attractive. Many will declare that it is the finest course in all Ireland; and, at any rate, for big, bold, natural hazards and general splendour of conception, it is hard to beat. Less well known but exceedingly attractive are three Donegal courses, Rosa-penna, Portsalon and Buncrana. Rosa-penna I have, alas! not seen, but I know on good authority that the golf is excellent and, further, that there is fishing for those that want it. Portsalon, which stands in solitary grandeur at the far end of Lough Swilly I do know, and I also know that

it is wiser to discover on what days the steamer puts in there than to drive many mountainous miles on an outside car. The golf is wonderfully entertaining, if one is not too priggishly severe in one's ideas as to a test of golf. The turf is soft and pleasant; there are sand and a burn, whins and occasionally rocks, from which the ball is apt to bound away in a manner trying to one's sense of humour. It is not too long, but it is long enough, and never does one accomplish nearly so good a score as one had arrogantly hoped.

Buncrana, which is accessible by train, is on the east side of the lough, and here is a course having only nine holes; but these nine are of the true golfing quality, and taught Mr. Lionel Munn the beginnings of his very fine game. Macamish, opposite Buncrana, has also a nine-hole course, somewhat in miniature, but possessed of almost unsurpassed powers of entertainment. I believe, though I have never been there, that Castlerock in Londonderry is very charming; and, finally, let me, as a bad sailor, say this for the North of Ireland courses, that one can get there by Lahan and Stranraer, and so suffer the irreducible minimum of open sea.

B. D.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MILKING RECORDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Adeane's admirable article on the dairy shorthorn should serve to emphasise the importance of paying more heed to the productive qualities of the cows we own. This remark applies more directly to the general run of farmers than to the owners of large estates, who conduct their operations upon strictly business principles. While a good herd takes up no more room and costs no more to keep than a bad one, the difference in the yield may be striking. The only practical method is to keep a careful record of the produce of each animal, and to draft all those incapable of reaching a certain standard of efficiency in milk-pounds. Canadian farmers have for some time been giving close attention to this important question, with most satisfactory results, promoted by the efforts of cow-testing associations in all parts of the Dominion. The object of these associations is the elimination of the poor cow and the improving of the average and the good cow. From figures published a year or two ago I see that nearly nine thousand cows tested yielded an average in one month of 82lb. of milk, 29lb. of fat. Many individuals yielded over one thousand pounds, but others with only 600lb. brought the average down. In the month's test referred to one cow was responsible for 1,640lb. of milk and 55lb. of fat, while another, as a contrast, was only worth 440lb. of milk and 18lb. of fat. In a single herd one animal gave two and a-half times the quantity of milk of another. As an instance of the casual manner in which some farmers work, the article from which I am quoting mentions a bull calf from a famous milker being sold for the price of veal, while another from a cow not more famous fetched 2,000dols. The owner of the first at that time did not realise the treasure he possessed in his cow, only knowing in a vague manner that she was a good milker. Another test was made with a herd of fourteen Ontario cows. The seven best yielded 34,143lb. of milk and 1,190'9lb. of fat; the seven poorest, 25,620lb. and 877'3lb. The best cow stood at 5,460lb. of milk, the worst at 2,890lb. With milk in Canada averaging two cents a pound, one has not to be much of a mathematician to appreciate the difference in value of the two animals. Speaking of shorthorns, I see that Macdonald College imported six milking shorthorns from this country three years ago, and in the first year's experiment the average per cow was 6,612'4lb. of milk and 264'4lb. of butter. The average monetary return per cow for the twelve months was 132'25dols. The moral is that if all farmers were to apply a daily test to their cows, getting rid of the worst as soon as possible, our milk supply could be appreciably increased without adding to the number of cows. In the course of years the result of breeding only from approved cows, using bulls from free-milking strains, would still further send up the average and prove of immense economic value.—A. C. S.

### THE ESCALATOR.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—When I made use this morning of the new extension of the Central London Railway into Liverpool Street Station, my feeling of gratitude to the Company for providing a still swifter means of transit Westward and the saving of precious minutes was changed to horror on beholding the fearsome legend plastered in all directions—"To the Escalator." What might this new ordeal in the daily adventure of the common traveller portend? I had visions of a Chicago

pork-packer's establishment; and the verb to osculate I know, but to escalate! When I reached the head of the contrivance blessed with this blood-curdling name, I found a sort of joy ride, the hesitating passengers deftly guided on by smart porters, the demonstration accompanied by "Step off, with right foot foremost; it is quite easy, gentlemen!" and I found myself swiftly descending without effort, on my part, mounted on the travelling staircase, by means of which the routine of one's daily journeying is changed to a veritable orgy in sensation. But why, oh! why, escalator? Who is responsible for foisting this awful barbarism upon our majestic tongue? I have read of the efforts of a learned German society to rid their language of the Anglicisms which have crept in under the cloak of science, sport and invention, and confess I did not feel too much sympathy for these stalwarts of the Fatherland, sentinels and guardians of the purity of another tongue; but I should like to humbly suggest that now that we have a British Academy, and as it does not seem to be an over-worked body, to it might be delegated the task of censoring the new words made by advertising agents, wild inventors, tube company officials, and the other supermen of our noble twentieth century civilisation.—PECKSNIFE.

### THE COLONNADE AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Max Judge asked, in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, whither the fragments of the colonnade had gone. Some at least were secured by Mr. John Ford for his garden, where I saw them a few years ago. Other *disjecta membra* of historical buildings that found their way to his extraordinary collection at Enfield were part of the chancel arch of St. Mary Somerset in Lower Thames Street, and the parapet balustrading of the tower of St. Dionis Backchurch. Mr. Ford and his father before him were always on the alert to collect such scraps when the "house-breaker" was at his unpleasant trade; but these gathered relics were dispersed at a sale not long ago, and the Burlington House scraps will probably be as difficult to find as the snows of yester-year.—C. G.

### A FISH-RETRIEVER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows a spaniel belonging to Mr. T. Ford, St. Aubyns, Tiverton, retrieving a tench. Mr. T. Ford, jun., was along the banks of the Canal, Tiverton, and shot the tench, when his spaniel jumped in and brought it to land as depicted in the picture—rather an uncommon experience, I should say.—H. E. HATT.



SPANIEL RETRIEVING FISH.

### TERRIER KILLING SNAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—This afternoon my daughters were in the garden gathering fruit, and with them was their terrier Teufel. They heard the dog barking in excitement, and thought he had got a hedgehog. They went and saw a snake hissing at the dog. Before they could get a fork or spade, and though they tried to call him off, he rushed and got hold of it by the middle, shook it like a rat and killed it. It was a black and green snake 2ft. 9in. long. Is this unusual? — YORKSHIREMAN.



## A HUMMING-BIRD IN IRELAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps some of your readers may be able to tell me whether there are any instances of humming-birds having been seen wild in Great Britain and Ireland. On July 27th I saw one here flying from flower to flower and watched it for some time. Two friends were with me, and we are all three familiar with the bird in America.—R. B., County Galway.

[Probably the humming-bird had escaped from an aviary.—Ed.]

## THE WOODPECKER'S RATTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of your correspondents in a recent issue asks which of the woodpeckers produce the rattling noise. This is made, undoubtedly, by the lesser spotted, and as it is such an exceedingly tiny bird, I am not in the least surprised that he has never seen it.—LEIGHTON RIDGWAY.

## LITTLE THINGS IN COUNTRY LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In an editorial recently in COUNTRY LIFE there is mention of one trait in the life of a wasp which is interesting, and that is that it is a deadly enemy of the common fly—a greater pest than the wasp. This is true, but while a wasp destroys one fly, a score in the same time come forth from the "muck-middens." To watch a wasp deal with a fly is an interesting observation. With a dart, as of fire, the wasp seizes the fly, but does not sting it. Then it deftly bites, first the wings and then the legs of its victim, then flies off with it. In the same time a swallow disposes of a hundred flies. One of the most curious sights is that of a wasp in a spider's web. The owner of the trap knows the danger in dealing with a wasp, and the latter the nature of the pickle it has got into. The wasp's feet already entangled, the spider's first effort is to catch and fasten down its wings. When this is done, other webs are put about the body until it is enwrapped. The rest is easy enough, and after detaining strands of web are cut, the wasp is drawn alive and helpless into the den, and a few hours later its sucked-dry husk hangs outside the web. The methods of a stoat after a rabbit are object-lessons of relentless cruelty and abject terror. On the other hand, a fox at play with her cubs, or an otter gambolling with her young on a dry mud bank in a brook, are things worth a week's endeavour to look upon.—T. R.

## THE TIME TO GATHER LAVENDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very grateful for information as to when lavender should be gathered. Should it be when the flowers are still in bud, or when they are in full bloom, or when the bloom has fallen and the seed is appearing? I should like to know at which stage in its growth it is in prime condition to gather for use in bags for household purposes.—M. D. GUILLEBAUD.

[The point raised by our correspondent is an interesting one at this season. The general practice is to cut the spikes when the majority of the flowers are fully expanded. They should then be spread out and dried slowly in a shady place, and subsequently hung up or stored in any way desired.—Ed.]

## RELICS OF THE '45.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of relics connected with Flora MacDonald, which I thought might be of interest to your readers. It shows Prince Charlie's glass, and the waistcoat he wore at the ball at Holyrood on the night before Prestonpans. The lace, pincushion and other things belonged to Flora MacDonald. They were given to my family by Flora MacDonald's grand-daughter.



THE RELICS.

The pincushion has upon it the names of some of those who suffered for their share in the doings of '45.—R. C. MacLEOD, Mitford, Morpeth.

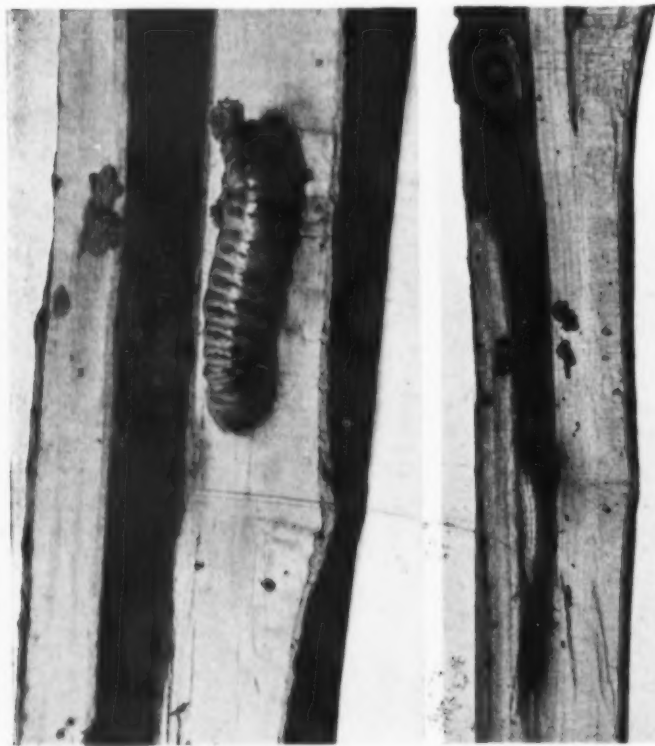
[In regard to this, The MacLeod of MacLeod informs us that this certainly was Prince Charlie's waistcoat, although he never heard that it was worn before the battle of Prestonpans. It is a white silk waistcoat handsomely embroidered with different shades of brown silk.—Ed.]

## THE WOOD LEOPARD MOTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I call the attention of readers of COUNTRY LIFE to a pretty moth which may occasionally be the cause of serious damage to young trees, particularly in parks and gardens in the metropolis and large towns and cities. It is said that the reason it is much more scarce in the country is that woodpeckers feed largely upon the caterpillars of this moth—and woodpeckers are, of course, scarce in large towns. I refer to the wood leopard moth (*Zeuzera aesculi*), the eggs of which are deposited upon, and the caterpillars subsequently attack, a considerable number of species of broad-leaved trees. Among the trees which may be infested and damaged by the caterpillar are the pear, apple, cherry, sycamore, oak, beech, birch, horse chestnut, Spanish chestnut, ash, lime, elm, poplar, willow and lilac. Schlich ("Manual of Forestry") states that the caterpillar has even been found in mistletoe. A year or two ago I received a badly injured section of a young plane tree from one of the London parks, and the photographs herewith show the caterpillars and the damage done. Eggs are deposited singly on stems and branches during late June and July, and the caterpillar at first bores below the bark and hibernates there. With the arrival of spring the caterpillar—usually solitary, one in each stem or branch—bores into the heart of the wood and gnaws a tunnel along the main axis of the stem or branch, as shown in the photographs. The fact that the caterpillar is at work is made clear by the presence of the excrement and "frass" which are thrown out of the borehole to the surface of the tree. A second winter may

be spent in the wood, after which pupation takes place, and the moths emerge in June and July. According to a leaflet issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries the tunnel may be eight inches in length, and this is borne out by the specimen illustrated, in which the tunnel was almost exactly that length. The caterpillars are whitish and spotted with black, and when full grown are about two inches long; they give rise to moths which are two inches to three inches in spread of wings, which are white, with numerous black spots, the spots on the hind wings being rather faint. The spotted appearance of the moth and caterpillar, and the fact that the caterpillar attacks wood, have given rise to the trivial name. Where young trees are badly infested, it will probably be best to cut them down and burn them, subsequently replanting. Single infested branches may be pruned away and burnt. When large trees, which would hardly be likely to die, are infested, the caterpillars may be killed by pushing a stout wire well into the tunnels, or an injection of carbon bisulphide will be found to serve the same purpose.—H. C. LONG.



THE WAY THE CATERpillARS BURROW THROUGH THE WOOD.

## CROMWELL'S CASTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a photograph of Cromwell's Castle, which is situated on the island of Trescoe in the Isles of Scilly. As its name suggests, it was built in the time of Cromwell, and even after all these years it is in excellent repair. Most of the material for building was taken from another castle, which stood on the top of the hill above it, and belonged to the Royalists, and called Charles' Castle; there are still some remains of it to be seen. Cromwell's Castle stands about sixty feet high, with walls twelve feet thick and raised on arches. The roof is bombproof and flat, and was armed with a battery of nine-pounders. On the top there is a parapet wall, and at the base (next to the sea) is a stone platform, which was also armed. A lovely and commanding view of New Grimsby Harbour and the various islands is to be had from the roof. Standing out a little way in the harbour (on the right of the castle in the photograph) is a small rocky island called Hangman's Island, where the Parliamentary Forces executed their Royalist prisoners.—  
ELEANOR SHIFFNER.



AT TRESCOE.

## QUICKSILVER IN A TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I had some quicksilver given me last week by a farmer at Chelford in Cheshire under the following circumstances. He informed me that in the late Coal Strike, when everything in the shape of fuel was at a premium, he determined to cut up a fallen apple tree that had lain on the ground many years, certainly from some period before the year 1904. The wood proved sound, though it had lain so long neglected; but, on his cutting it up into logs fit for the fire, out poured quicksilver, which he scooped up with a spoon. He thinks he recovered the greater part. What was recovered is about one and a-half ounces.

The question is (like the Royal George's about the apple in the dumpling) how did the quicksilver get there, into the heart of the tree, and, we may add, for what purpose could it have been put there? The appearance of an auger-hole seems to answer us in part, but the hole was not within two and a-half inches of the bark, so the mercury was presumably inserted in the tree very many years before it ceased growing. No one knows now even why the apple tree was felled. I assume the cause was that it was barren and that the barrenness was produced by the quicksilver inserted; but this is mere guesswork. Is it likely to have been put there in sheer wantonness and love of mischief, or with the idea of killing the tree? And, if so, is this or was this killing by injecting quicksilver a practice anywhere? If so, where and when? Or, on the other hand, could there be any idea of its aiding in the productiveness of the tree? Finally, would there have been an explosion if the log had been put on the fire with the quicksilver in it? Perhaps some of your readers can throw light on the matter.—A. B.

[Mercury is insoluble in water or any of the organic and inorganic compounds usually present in sap, so it would have no effect whatever upon the growth or productiveness of the tree. Mercury does not boil until a temperature is reached which would char the log through and make it soft, so there would not have been a violent explosion, even if the log had been cut in such a way that the mercury was sealed up and then thrown on the fire.—Ed.]

## BLACK-HEADED GULL STEALING SANDWICH TERNS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested in the enclosed photographs of a black-headed gull stealing the eggs of the Sandwich tern. When photographing the terns at the Ravensglass gullery this season, we were surprised and annoyed to find that every morning a number of nests were robbed close to the hiding tent, and it was supposed that the birds broke their own eggs out of dislike to the presence of the camera. Then one morning when I was in the tent awaiting the return of the tern this black-headed gull came down and, attacking the nest upon which the camera was focussed, was photographed *in flagrante delicto*. Before he could devour the egg the Sandwich tern came down and drove him away. She pushed the broken egg out of the nest, and shortly afterwards a jackdaw swooped down and carried it off. Subsequently we had many opportunities of observing this gull's robberies, for he persistently stole the eggs close to our hiding tent, and when the latter was removed he attacked the nests close to the tent of another worker a couple of hundred yards away. He sucked the eggs of his own kind, and also those of the common tern. In fact, any nest of the latter species overlooked by a tent was doomed. Once he returned within five minutes after the tent was set up and broke the eggs. It is very unusual for the black-headed gull thus to steal the eggs of another species, although one bird in a gullery will sometimes "run amok" and smash the eggs of his own kind; and it is supposed that the bird was an old unmated male who had acquired this depraved taste.—M. D. HAVILAND.



GOING TO BREAK THE EGGS.



PECKING THE EGGS.

## THE BUFFALO TRAIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While the landmarks on the prairie are few and far between, before the Government Survey marked out each section and road-allowance the prairie traveller steered his course much as all dwellers in wide and primitive lands have done since the beginning of time. Sun and stars, and perhaps a view of the distant snow-peaks, were his guides; or, in country with which he was familiar, a hundred trifling conformations of ridge and hollow, undistinguishable to the stranger, told him when his road was right. That was in the days when there was no survey mark nor even a settler's fence-rail over hundreds of miles of open cattle-range. To-day things are changed, and with the mapping out of the prairie into rectangles of township, section and quarter-section, many of the old landmarks familiar to hunter and herdsman have, like the old trails, died away and been forgotten. A few years ago one could often pick up a bleached buffalo horn among the prairie grass or in the bottoms of the long ravines, or "coulees," as they are called in the West, running down to the river in its sunk bed. But in the settled parts of the country even such remnants of the past are becoming scarcer. I heard once a curious tale of a "crick" up north, which the Indians called "the Store." The name had been handed down from the days when, in seasons of exceptional drought, that "crick" contained water after all the other drinking-places were dry, and the Indians could go there in the certainty of finding buffalo which had gathered to drink. Nothing, however, now remains to bear out the tale but the unusual number of buffalo bones in the neighbourhood of the great old hunting-ground. It is the mention of these traditional drinking-places of the buffalo that brings us to perhaps the most curious, as it is one of the most impressive, of the footprints of the shadowy past in this ancient but unremembering West. A few miles outside the town, if by chance you paused at a certain spot to look out over the brown and solitary landscape, you might notice, stretching away at right angles to, and on each side of, the prairie trail a kind of depression, like a shallow ditch, or a place where a rail had at some time run—no more than the merest dimple among the long grass, barely perceptible unless one's notice were in any way drawn to it. But when you have once noticed it, you cannot but begin to think that there is something uncommon about it. It is vaguely, irresistibly significant. It grows upon the imagination, like the scars and seams of ancient earthworks or the burial mounds of a forgotten people. Your eye follows it, and you see that it reaches away into the distance as far as sight can trace it, disappearing and reappearing with the slight rise and fall of the land, even as a Roman road rises and climbs across our English hills. Beyond doubt, it is something more than fortuitous. It has a meaning and a history. This is the buffalo trail. Before long it may have faded quite away. The settler's plough will have cleft it, the growth and decay of successive springs and autumns



THE DAPPLED DEER.

levelled it out of sight and memory. People who are old-timers in the country will tell you that during the last few years the trail has become much more shallow and less defined. It was along these ancient tracks that the vast herds of the vanished buffalo used to move to and fro in their progress from drinking-place to drinking-place, from one feeding-ground to another. So tremendous were those progresses, so multitudinous the hoofs that year by year trampled the dust and grass as the great herds passed on the ways known to them alike by hereditary use and the ancient instinct of the wild, that through the years they had worn away a deep trench in the face of the prairie. Just so one sees an old stone step hollowed away by the side of a wayside well in rural England. The buffalo trails still scar the prairie for many a hundred miles. The buffalo-grass yellows on the levels. With the touch of autumn the buffalo-berries blacken in the coulees. There is water in the Store when the land gasps for rain. But the trails are deserted. The drinking-places are never mired by the trappings of a thousand hoofs. Only the settler's steers pull the tough fibres of the buffalo-grass. Of all that great continual movement to and fro, primitive, unerring, instinctive, as the seasons in their recurrence, remain only a name or two, a few vague tales of the hunter and the guide, and the long trails growing yearly fainter over the lonely prairie. The shadows of the great host which in a vanished prairie yesterday the hunter might see passing along the buffalo trail, still seem to pass in the dusk.—C. FOX SMITH.

## FALLOW DEER IN RICHMOND PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs represent groups of fallow deer (*Cervus dama*) in Richmond Park. It is possible that fallow deer, as well as the red species, existed in this part of Surrey even before the present park was enclosed by Charles I., since it is believed that the district once formed part of a Royal chase.

After the enclosure, however, the park was restocked, on one occasion "xxx lodes of deer" being imported from Germany. Charles II. removed two hundred fallow deer and all the red deer from the park, so that the latter species at least must have been reintroduced. The fallow deer may, perhaps, be genuine descendants of the original herds. The illustrations show that these particular companies consist entirely of bucks, and that the animals are "in velvet"—that is, the horns are clad with a soft, velvety substance, which will wear off later in the year. The horns themselves terminate in broad, shovel-like expansions, each of which bears a single point. Being deciduous, the antlers form no unimportant asset to the owner of a herd, and they are carefully collected as they fall. Fallow deer are usually of a wainscot brown colour, sometimes, but not always, dappled with whitish spots. As the year advances and the breeding season is about to commence, the bucks will no longer be found in social bands. The antlers will harden and grow stronger, natural feelings of jealousy will be developed, and fierce fights will take place among the males for the possession of supremacy.—JESSE PACKHAM.



IN VELVET.